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HISTORY.

"Past is the past." But no, it is not
past;

In us, in us, it quickens, wants, as-
pires;

And on our hearts the unknown Dead
have cast

The hungers and the thirst of their de-
sires.

Unknown the pangs, the peace we too
prepare!

What shakes this bosom shall reverber-
ate

Through ages unconceived; but in dark
lair

The unguessed, unhopèd, undreaded is-
sues wait.

Our pregnant acts are all unprophe-
sied.

We dream sublime conclusions; des-
tine, plan,

Build and unbuild; yet turn no jot
aside

The something infinite that moves in
man.

We write The End where fate has
scarce begun;

And no man knows the thing that he
has done.

Laurence Binyon.

The Oxford and Cambridge Review.

LULLABY.

Ah, little one, you're tired of play,

Sleep's fingers rest upon your brow.

You've been a woman all the day,

You'd be a baby now;

Oh, baby, my baby!

You'd be my baby now.

Perhaps you had forgotten me,

Because the daisies were so white,

But now you come to mother's knee

My little babe to-night;

Oh, baby, my baby!

My baby every night.

To-morrow, when the sun's awake,

You'll seek your flowery fields again,

But night shall fall and for my sake

You'll be a baby then;

Oh, baby, my baby!

My little baby, then.

And you'll grow big, and love will call,
Happen you'll leave me for your
man,

And night times when the shadows fall
I'll greet as mother can;

Oh, baby, my baby!

As only mothers can.

But now, my little heart of May,
Lie closely, sleep is on your brow,

You've been a woman all the day,

You'd be my baby now;

Oh, baby, my baby!

My little baby now.

Richard Middleton.

The English Review.

WINTER.

When on the leafless rowan-tree

The black-cock finds no berries be,

When through the whirling, eddying
snow

The lean red hinds all famished go,

And frost has struck the river dumb,
Winter has come.

When man sits dumb beside the fire,

Losing all hope, and all desire,

Seeing dead faces in the flame,

Thinking dead voices sigh his name,

Hearing old tunes about him hum,

Winter has come.

Riccardo Stephens.

The Westminster Gazette.

EVER?

Will he ever be weary of wandering—

The flaming sun?

And ever weary of waning in love-
light—

The white still moon?

Will ever a Shepherd come

With a crook of simple gold,

And lead all the little stars

Like lambs to the fold?

Will ever the Wanderer sail

From over the sea?

Up to the river of water

To the stones to me?

Will he take us all into his ship,

Dreaming, and waft us far,

To where in the clouds of the West

The Islands are?

SOCIALISTIC IDEAS AND PRACTICAL POLITICS.

I.

The following observations are addressed to practical men, and are confined to such aspects of the general question in view as have an immediate bearing on the problems and movements of the hour. Such being the case, it is necessary to begin by providing ourselves with some working definition, which need not be academically precise, of what, for our present purpose, we are to understand by the term "Socialism."

Now, it is impossible to identify Socialism in any satisfactory way with all the opinions and proposals put forward by leading Socialists, partly because as to many of these such persons differ violently amongst themselves, and partly because as to many of them such persons are in general agreement with a number, and perhaps even with the majority, of other people.

Out of the difficulty which thus arises we can, however, escape by a very short cut. Though we cannot identify Socialism with all the opinions and aims which are professed by its individual exponents, we can at all events identify it with those in respect of which Socialists are peculiar—which are professed by them, and are professed by nobody else; and these, however some of them may conflict with others as to details, have the common characteristic of being one and all of them economic. They relate to the production and distribution of purely material wealth. Socialists as men may be interested in many other things as well, but it is with regard to material wealth, and material wealth alone, that their opinions and their projects are in any way identifiably peculiar to themselves.

As grouped together by this definition, Socialists resemble a novel and peculiar school of doctors who, recogniz-

ing, as everyone else does, that the body politic is afflicted in various parts with pains or sensations of distress which are obviously of economic origin, seek to submit the patient to some hitherto untried treatment, which has never alleviated a single evil yet, but which, according to them, is a common cure for all.

And the analogy between Socialists and doctors holds good in this further particular. Any ordinary doctor, when he visits a sick person, is bound to exhibit himself in two distinct characters. Before he can exhibit himself as a healer, he must exhibit himself as a discoverer of the nature of the disease which he is invoked to heal. Treatment must be preceded by diagnosis. In the same way Socialists, before they can have any ground for recommending that their patient—the body politic—should be submitted to some treatment of a totally novel kind, are bound to begin, and, as a matter of fact, they do begin, with an elaborate exposition of what they take the patient's condition to be—of the nature and extent of the maladies from which, in their view, he is suffering; of their origin, of their development thus far; and of the course which they will necessarily run unless there be a prompt application of the remedies which the Socialist advocates.

In dealing, then, with Socialism as related to practical politics, I shall aim at considering it under each of these aspects separately, and we will take it in the present article as identified with a characteristic diagnosis or estimate of the economic conditions of this country as they actually are to-day, of their origin, of their development thus far, and of future development as it must be unless the existing economic system of the whole modern world be subverted.

II.

The socialistic diagnosis of society under the modern economic system in all progressive countries, and in this country in particular, may be compared partly to charts purporting to represent conditions at this or that special time, partly to a moving diorama purporting to show the manner in which conditions have changed between a date which we may roughly identify as the beginning of the nineteenth century, and the present day—the period which Socialists distinguish from all others as that which has witnessed the consummation of Capitalism in its modern form.

The distinctive character of the socialistic diagnosis of society is best shown by its representation of the alleged course of social changes. This may be briefly summed up in the general assertion that, under the modern economic system which has been dominant in this country since the opening years of the nineteenth century at all events, a system under which wealth has increased as it never increased before, the whole of the increment has been monopolized by a relatively small class, whilst the rest of the community have not only not gained anything, but have in an economic sense been going from bad to worse. Some Socialists make this assertion in more qualified terms than others; but they are all unanimous in respect to its general tenor: and we need not trouble ourselves now to consider any minor differences; for the first broad fact which I shall endeavor to make plain is that this general representation of a society going from bad to worse, with the exception of one small class, is not merely an exaggeration of facts to a greater or less extent, but is an absolute and direct inversion of them.

In order to show that this criticism is no mere figure of speech, let me call the reader's attention to certain of the main details into which such a represen-

tation of the social movement resolves itself. For this purpose we will appeal to two writers, who, of all the exponents of Socialism, are incomparably the most conspicuous for their abilities, and who have, through their works, exerted the widest influence. The writers to whom I refer are Karl Marx and Henry George.

The diagnosis of the social movement, as made by Karl Marx about forty-five years ago, has been epitomized and reiterated by Socialists throughout our own country, Europe, and America in the following well-known words: "Under the system of modern Capitalism, whilst the rich have been growing and are continuing to grow richer, the poor have been growing, and must continue to grow, poorer; and the middle classes, or persons of moderate means, are concurrently being crushed out."

Henry George, who became famous through his work, *Progress and Poverty*, about fifteen years later, reaffirmed all these propositions, not on the authority of Marx (with whose writings he had no acquaintance), but as the result of his own observations, and added to them yet another, which he made peculiarly his own. He identified the "rich" of the modern world, whose riches are alone increasing, not with the capitalists but with the private owners of land; and his doctrine was that, in any progressive country, no matter how fast the products of labor, of ability, and of capital were increasing the rent of land must necessarily increase still faster, so that, not only all, but actually more than all, of the increment due to the efficiency of the population at large flows into the landlord's pockets, and "poverty accompanies progress."

Now here we have a series of propositions which, if they have any meaning at all, relate to specific facts of industrial and statistical history. They

relate, moreover, to a limited and clearly defined period, which to-day comprises a hundred or a hundred and ten years; and farther, though Marx was a German and Henry George an American, they both declared that their doctrines, whilst applicable to all countries in which modern Capitalism has developed itself, are illustrated most completely by the history of Great Britain—the country in which that system first attained predominance, and has exhibited its natural consequences on the largest and most startling scale.

If, therefore, these propositions are true at all, they must be pre-eminently true as applied to the history of Great Britain from the dawn of the nineteenth century up to the present time.

Such being the case, abundant evidence exists which enables us to submit them to the test of actual facts. We will deal, then, with these propositions separately, and in the following order:

(1) That the increasing wealth of the rich during the course of the nineteenth century has been accompanied by a "crushing out of the middle classes," or a diminution in the number of moderate incomes.

(2) That in this country, during the same period, the rent of land has increased more rapidly than income from all other sources, whether these be manual labor, or commercial and manufacturing enterprise.

(3) That, whilst during the period in question the rich have been growing richer, the poorer classes in this country have been constantly growing poorer.

III.

In order to discuss this question with anything approaching precision, we must affix some definite meaning to the term "moderate incomes." It is enough here to say that, whatever the term "moderate" may include or not include,

moderate incomes, as spoken of in the present connection, will certainly include all such as range from the assessment limit—that is to say, from 150*l.* or 160*l.*—up to 400*l.* a year. Now it so happens that a portion of the assessed income—namely, the earnings of "persons," private firms, and business and official employes, comprised in Schedules D and E, are individually enumerated in the Returns from year to year, where they are classified in accordance with their amount. I will not here enter on any series of elaborate statistics, I will confine myself to a few dates, and certain outstanding figures connected with them.

Let us begin, then, with the year 1800, and consider how affairs stood then. At that time, as we know from a variety of evidence connected with imposition and levying of the first and the second income-tax, the aggregate of incomes in Great Britain exceeding 60*l.* a year hardly amounted to a total of more than 100,000,000*l.*, of which 30,000,000*l.* was the rental of agricultural land. Let us now turn to the year 1909 and consider the aggregate of incomes, ranging not from 60*l.* but from 160*l.* to 400*l.*, which go to one section of the middle class alone—namely, the official and business employes assessed under Schedules D and E. This, exclusive of all income from property, amounted in round figures to not less than 90,000,000*l.*—or to nearly as much as the total of all the incomes in Great Britain from 60*l.* a year upwards in the year 1800, and exceeded by 23 per cent. the total of all such incomes as were then derived from anything but the ownership of agricultural land.

Let us next take the year 1850—about fifteen years previous to the publication of the celebrated work in which Marx elaborated the proposition that moderate incomes were disappearing—and the year 1880, a date fifteen years later. Between these two dates the population

of this country had risen from 26,000,000 to 35,000,000—an increase of 34 per cent. If moderate incomes were really being crushed out, they must at all events have increased more slowly than the number of the population as a whole. But if we consult the income-tax returns, what do we actually find? We find that, whereas the population as a whole had increased by about one-third, the number of incomes between 150*l.*—160*l.* and 400*l.* had trebled itself, having risen from 177,000 to 330,000.

But a simpler kind of evidence bearing on the same question, and telling the same story, is perhaps that provided by the official returns which relate not to the number of persons paying tax on moderate incomes, but to the number of and value of houses. In these returns all the dwelling-houses in Great Britain are, according to their annual values, divided into a series of groups, and the yearly increase in the number of each class of house is shown. Now the annual value of a house gives us, as a general rule (though, of course, there are various exceptions), a very fair indication of the means of the family occupying it; house-rent, in the case of the middling classes, at all events, being taken to represent on an average from one-eighth to one-tenth of the family income. Thus, houses worth 20*l.* and 40*l.* a year will broadly represent incomes between 160*l.* and 400*l.*, houses worth between 40*l.* and 80*l.* will similarly represent incomes between 400*l.* and 800*l.*; whilst houses worth more than 80*l.* a year will represent incomes of 800*l.* and upwards. Thus, the yearly increase in the number of houses of each class will provide us with an index, substantially if not absolutely accurate, of the increase in the number of the incomes which lie within the corresponding limits.

Let us consider, then, what has been happening since the year 1898, as

shown in last year's Report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue.

Of houses worth more than 80*l.* a year—the houses of families having incomes of 800*l.* a year and upwards—the number built annually, during this period, has not averaged more than 1000.

Of houses worth between 80*l.* a year and 40*l.*, the number built annually has averaged as much as 10,000.

Of houses worth between 40*l.* a year and 20*l.*—corresponding to incomes between 160*l.* a year and 400*l.*—the number built annually has averaged about 27,000.

These figures, representing the conditions of our own day, speak sufficiently for themselves. They show us that persons possessing moderate incomes—incomes ranging from 160*l.* to 800*l.* a year—instead of being crushed out, are exhibiting a numerical increase which is thirty-seven times as great as that of the whole body of the rich and the comparatively rich together; while if these last figures be taken with those which I quoted previously, they show us that the classes which, for more than forty years, Socialists have declared to be dwindling and disappearing before our eyes, are the precise classes whose increase forms one of the principal features by which the present is distinguished from all former times.

Here we have one example of what I meant when I said that socialistic diagnoses of society are not merely distortions of the truth, but are fundamental and absolute inversions of it.

From this example we will now pass on to another—that provided by Henry George, not as a theorist, but as a professed exponent of facts.

IV.

The whole of George's reasoning, which in many respects is very able, rests on an assumption as to fact, with

which reasoning has nothing to do—an assumption the truth of which was, so he said, exemplified by the affairs of this country on a greater scale than by those of any other. This is the assumption that, in any progressive country, the consideration paid to land-owners for the use of the earth's surface, as distinct from any buildings which the industry of man may place on it—or, in other words, land-rent pure and simple, increases at a faster rate than does the national income as a whole; so that if, at a time when the income of any country was as 100, the rent of land had been (let us say) as 20, it would, by the time that the total had doubled itself and become 200, have risen in *greater proportion* and become not 40, but 50. Having been only a fifth of the smaller total, it would have risen to being a fourth of the larger; the ultimate result, already in sight here, and not far off in America, being that the land-owners, if not dispossessed of their property, will take between them the entire national income, except such a fraction of it as may be necessary to keep the rest of the population alive.

Here again, as I have said, we have a proposition as to hard facts—and more especially as to facts relating to our own islands; and here again we have a proposition which can be tested by abundant evidence.

As I said just now, in the year 1800 the aggregate of incomes in Great Britain exceeding 60*l.* a year had been estimated for purposes of income-tax at something just over 100,000,000*l.* Experience and subsequent criticism showed this estimate to have been substantially correct; and out of this total it was agreed by all authorities that the rent of agricultural land accounted for about 30,000,000*l.*

Let us now turn to the year 1908. In that year the sum of all net private incomes in excess, not of 60*l.* a year but

160*l.*, amounted to 788,000,000*l.* If the fundamental proposition of Henry George were correct, the land-rent, which formed at the dawn of the nineteenth century at least 30 per cent. of all incomes exceeding 60*l.*, would by this time form very much more than 30 per cent. of all incomes exceeding 160*l.* But what do we find to be the case? Let us turn to the assessments for that year under Schedule A, and take not only agricultural rent, which is given in a column by itself, but the rent of building-sites also, which is included in the assessment of houses. This being taken at as much as one-fifth of the total, the site-rental for that year will have amounted to about 42,000,000*l.*; while the gross rental of agricultural lands was about 52,000,000*l.*; the entire land-rent, as distinct from the rent of buildings, having amounted approximately to 94,000,000*l.* That is to say, whereas the rental of agricultural land alone amounted some hundred years ago to very nearly one-third of all incomes exceeding 60*l.*, the rental of such land with the rental of building-sites added to it forms to-day hardly so much as one-eighth of the total of all incomes exceeding 160*l.*

Let me mention one fact more, which is at once instructive and amusing. After he had, by his doctrine as to land-rent, achieved fame in America, George visited England with the object of preaching it there, and among the various promises held out by him to the people of this country, if only they would adopt his principles, and by means of a single tax make over all land-rent to the State, were the following—expressed in what substantially are his own words. "Only give me," he said, "all the land-rents of the United Kingdom; and, besides performing without any farther taxes all the present functions of your Imperial and your local government, I will supply every house with free lighting and

heat, and supply free power to every factory likewise." These promises were made in the early 'eighties. The land-rent of the country at that time, apart from the rent of buildings, amounted in round figures to 89,000,000*l.* Now this sum would no doubt have defrayed the Imperial expenditure of the time, and left 10 per cent. of surplus, but it would not have so much as approached what even at that time was the public expenditure as a whole, if the local be added to the Imperial. It may, however, in fairness to George, be urged that according to him land-rent would increase in the future far more rapidly than it had done even in the then recent past; and that he ought to be judged by what would be the situation to-day if the trial of his principles had been protracted up to the present time. Such a test is a fair one. Let us apply it. In the early 'eighties the Imperial expenditure of this country approached, but it did not reach, 80,000,000*l.* annually. In the year 1909 it amounted to 157,000,000*l.*—that is to say, there was an increase of approximately 77,000,000*l.* Let us now examine the returns relating to the rent of land. In the year 1886 the gross total of agricultural rents amounted to 63,000,000*l.*, to which one-fifth of the rent of "houses" must be added in respect of building-sites. These two sums together amount to 89,000,000*l.* Since the year 1886 the rent of building-sites has risen from 26,000,000*l.* to 43,000,000*l.*—an increase of 17,000,000*l.*; and the rent of agricultural land has fallen from 63,000,000*l.* to 52,000,000*l.*—a decrease of 11,000,000*l.*; the total land-rent to-day being about 95,000,000*l.* If, then, George's principles are to be tested, not by the results he could have extracted from them twenty-five years ago, but by those which he would, if alive, be able to extract to-day, we find that, instead of any vast surplus having developed itself, available for

extending the present activities of the State and supplying everybody gratis with heat, light, and power, he would be faced with a deficit of considerably over 60,000,000*l.* before he had discharged the functions of the Imperial Government alone, and before he had spent a penny on roads, on drainage, or on education. In other words, instead of land-rent having increased more rapidly than public expenditure, one branch of public expenditure alone has increased almost exactly ten times as fast as land-rent.

And now let us close this question by comparing the increase of land-rent with the increase of incomes derived from other sources, as shown by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue in their reports for the years 1886 and 1909 respectively. The total reviewed under Schedules C, D, and E, together with the rental of buildings apart from sites, amounted in the year 1886 to 471,000,000*l.* The corresponding total for the year 1909 was 895,000,000*l.* Thus, both increases being taken at their gross amounts, the increase of income from sources other than land was 424,000,000*l.*; while the corresponding gross increase from land, which is, according to George, swallowing up every increase from every other source, amounted to the sum, relatively microscopic, of 5,000,000*l.*

If anyone desire to verify these figures he need merely study for himself the Statistical Abstracts for the past twenty-five years, and compare either the gross or net amounts assessed in respect of land-rent (including one-fifth of the rent which is given as that of "houses") with the gross or the net totals assessed or reviewed for the general purposes of income-tax, and he will find that, whereas about a quarter of a century ago land-rent formed 14 per cent. of the total, ten years later the proportion had sunk to 12 per cent., and is at the present time not so much as 9½.

Figures might be multiplied in illustration of this same conclusion. It must suffice here to say that, in whatever way we approach the matter, we find that land-rent, rural and urban, instead of forming an increasing proportion of an increasing national income, forms year by year a quantity which is relatively less and less.

Here, then, we have before us two of the main assertions which figure in socialistic diagnoses of society as it is now—the assertion that every increase in the wealth produced under modern conditions is swallowed up by the rent of land; and the assertion that, under these same conditions, the number of moderate incomes has been constantly and is still diminishing—assertions insisted on with every variety of confident emphasis by the two most influential thinkers that the socialistic movement has produced; and we have seen that each of them is so absurdly and fantastically fallacious that it is not merely an ordinary untruth, but the truth turned upside down.

V.

I have, however, called attention to these particular assertions first, not because at this moment they are the most important of the fallacies here in question, but because they are representative, and because the refutation of them, lying as it does in a nutshell, will prepare the reader for an examination of a fallacy more important still. This is an assertion of far wider scope than those relating to the middle classes and the landowners. It is the assertion, which is still a commonplace on all socialistic platforms, that while, for more than a century, the modern capitalistic system has been making the rich richer, it has been making the poorer classes—or, in other words, the great majority of the population—"ever poorer and poorer." We shall find, when we put this to the test of definite

facts, that this is an inversion of the truth even more preposterous than the others.

In order to test this assertion fairly, we must be careful to see what those by whom it is made mean by it. Even Marx himself, who is mainly responsible for its acceptance, would not have denied that some members of the poorer classes, such as specially skilled craftsmen or mechanics, earn much higher wages now than were earned by any of their predecessors of a hundred years ago. The assertion is only meant to apply to the poorer classes as a whole; and it can only signify that the income which they enjoy collectively is growing less in proportion to the total number of the recipients, and would yield less and less to each, if year by year it were divided equally among all. It remains for us to consider who "the poorer classes" are. How are they defined by those who make this assertion with regard to them? So far as our own country is concerned, the language of Socialists in their excursions into the domain of statistics show clearly enough how this phrase "the poorer classes" is understood by them. They use it broadly as comprehending all such families as are supported on incomes which are not liable to income-tax, or which do not exceed 160*l.* a year; while the richer classes, though not the conspicuously rich, are invariably identified, for purposes of broad contrast, with those whose incomes are comprised in the aggregate on which tax is levied.

Let us, then, consider with as much precision as we can what is the aggregate to-day of individual earnings and incomes below the assessment limit of 160*l.* Our sources of information with regard to this question have during recent years increased to a remarkable degree, partly owing to fresh investigations on the part of the Board of Trade into the wages of manual la-

bor, and partly owing to an inquiry, conducted with semi-official assistance, by a committee of eminent statisticians, into the earnings and incomes (not exceeding 160*l.*) of persons other than wage-earning manual workers. The results of this inquiry were submitted to the British Association at Sheffield, in a report which has since been published. It is impossible to discuss its details, which would involve a survey of some forty different groups of incomes; but the general conclusion there set forth is this: that the total income earned by the class in question—by the “lower middle-class,” as it is often loosely called—amounts to over 300,000,000*l.* With regard to the wages of manual labor and services, the aggregate earned by twelve broadly distinguishable groups (of which all but two are under the cognizance of the Board of Trade) cannot amount, according to the latest evidence, to less than 860,000,000*l.*; though precise knowledge as to this point will be impossible till a complete analysis of the last Census returns shall have been issued. These two sums, which make a total of 1,160,000,000*l.*, represent earned income only. To this must be added a further sum, amounting to something between 50,000,000*l.* and 60,000,000*l.*, which arises from property and investments, the distribution of which, as Mr. Bowley observes, is uncertain, but which the two classes here in question divide between them. The grand total of incomes not exceeding 160*l.* is thus not less, at all events, than 1,210,000,000*l.* The number of the population, exclusive of payers of income-tax and their families, may be taken at the present time as 37,000,000 or 38,000,000. Thus the average income per head of the population exempt from income-tax—or, in other words, of “the poorer classes,” as that phrase is generally understood—is appreciably in excess, to say the least of it, of 30*l.* a year.

Let us now turn to the beginning of the nineteenth century. As I had occasion to mention just now, when dealing with the question of land-rent, the total of incomes exceeding 60*l.* a year in Great Britain—for Ireland was not then included—did not amount to much more than 100,000,000*l.*; and the total income of Great Britain, according to the highest serious estimates, did but slightly exceed, if it amounted to, as much as 200,000,000*l.* What proportion of this went to persons with more, and what went to persons with less, than the particular sum of 160*l.* a year, we have no means of knowing, for, as Maccullough with justifiable indignation observes, all the official records which might have given us such detailed information were destroyed. Such detailed information, however, will not be necessary here. Instead of dealing with the average income of one section of the population, let us take the nation as a whole, and consider what would then have been the average income per head if everything, from the earnings of the humblest casual laborer up to the profits of the greatest merchants, the rent-rolls of the greatest land-owners, and the entire revenue of George III., with his civil list, had been pooled about sixteen years before the battle of Waterloo, and doled out in equal shares to everybody. The population of Great Britain was at that time 10,000,000. Thus, the average income per head—the maximum rendered possible by the whole existing wealth of the country—would have been 20*l.*, or, according to the computations of one sanguine statistician of the period, it might perhaps have amounted to 21*l.*

What, then, when we compare them, do the figures for these two periods mean? They mean that the average income per head of the poorer classes to-day is greater by some 50 per cent. than the largest corresponding income which could possibly have been re-

ceived by anybody if, at the time which Socialists describe as the dawn of modern capitalism, all the wealth of Great Britain had been nationalized by a socialistic State, and the dreams of the wildest of modern Socialists realized by a reduction of all the citizens to the same financial level. Or, to make the case yet more clear, we may present it to the imagination thus. If the entire income producible in this country by all the forces of its inhabitants three or four generations ago had been equally distributed amongst the population then existing, and if, subsequently increasing in proportion to the increase of the population, it had year by year been similarly distributed till to-day, the poorer classes to-day would possess a collective income which would be less by more than 30 per cent. than the income which is actually their own.

I mention specific figures; but, to repeat what I have said before, the argument does not require an insistence on their absolute exactitude. If anyone prefers to do so, let him take the figures of Mr. Chiozza Money, who aims at estimating the income of the poorer classes at a minimum. According to Mr. Money's computations, the income of these classes per head, instead of exceeding 30*l.*, only reaches to 25*l.* If we accept this figure, the fact on which I have been just insisting suffers indeed some slight modification, but its essential character is unchanged. The poorer classes as a whole will, at the present day, be still dividing between them a collective income which, relatively to their present numbers, exceeds anything that would have been possible in the days of their great-great-grandfathers by an equal division of everything that was then produced or producible. The actual course of events, however we may seek to minimize it, has been the exact opposite of that which is ascribed to it by the formula of the Socialists. Instead

of having been defrauded of anything that they once possessed, the "poorer classes" of this country, under the system of modern capitalism, have done more than appropriate everything in the way of wealth, per head of their total number, which could have possibly been called into existence when that system was first establishing itself.

Of course this statement has the defect of all similar generalizations. It is made in terms of averages, and assumes that distribution is equal. But the fallacy to which it is opposed is a generalization of the same kind, and just as this is not meant to deny that many poor people have become richer, so the counter-assertion of the truth constitutes no denial of the fact that, of a class which has grown richer as a whole, certain sections have remained as poor as they ever were.

Having mentioned this aspect of the case, to which I shall return hereafter, let me now pause to remark that this question of economic development, which is concerned with the history of the past, and inferentially with anticipations of the future, may strike some persons as being more or less academic, and not connected directly enough with the pressing actualities of the present. Such a view, let me say with emphasis, is altogether erroneous, even if we desire to confine ourselves to such examinations of facts as are calculated to influence the opinion of the least-instructed sections of the community. A man who is shivering with cold, but is on his way to a warm fire, is practically far more comfortable than a man who, warm for the moment, watches his last log burn, and knows that he will be freezing presently. In the same way the existing condition of things, whatever it may be in itself, is colored for all who contemplate it according as they believe it to be a stage in an upward or downward progress. The possession, therefore, of some true concep-

tion of the actual tendency of events would, for this reason alone, even if there were no other, form a primary element of any sane public opinion; but, in addition to this general reason, there is one which is more precise. Not only does the popular attitude towards economic conditions as they are depend on whether they are taken as representing a fall from better to worse, or a rise from worse to better, but the socialistic estimate of existing conditions in themselves is intimately bound up with the socialistic fable as to their history, and is, indeed, that fable translated into a practical form, and influencing the passions and the problems of the hour in which we are now living.

VI.

Let us pass, then, from the socialistic diagnosis of economic conditions in their development, and examine the socialistic estimate, now commonly current, of such conditions as they are at the present time. The main feature of these estimates is the assumption that the proportion of the national income appropriated by those who are vaguely classified as the rich is so enormous, so overwhelming, so inexhaustible, that if only, whether by strikes or taxation, it could be tapped, like a reservoir of water, in a sufficient number of places, it would flood every average household with an almost incredible opulence, and transfigure almost past recognition the entire aspect of society. This conception of existing conditions would be merely the logical consequence of modern economic tendencies, if these were really as Socialists represent them. Everybody knows and admits that, since the beginning of the nineteenth century, the increase of our national income relatively to the population has been enormous, and if, during that period, small incomes have been growing smaller, and moderate incomes have been decreasing in num-

ber, all the new wealth produced, which cannot but have gone somewhere, must necessarily have passed into the hands of the richer, of the rich, or of the richest. Since, however, as we have seen, both these assumptions are erroneous—since of the new wealth in question a vast proportion at all events has gone to make small incomes continuously larger and larger, and moderate incomes continuously more numerous, it follows naturally, as a matter of *a priori* certitude, that the wealth of the richer classes, whatever may have been its increase absolutely, cannot possibly bear to the whole anything like that proportion which the Socialists, with their false premises and their inflamed imaginations, attribute to it.

Let us turn, then, once more to definite facts and figures, and consider what at the present time the actual proportion is.

The entire income, from all sources, of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom is now, according to the latest computations, about 1,970,000,000*l.*—a total which accords substantially with the figures which I have just been giving. It comprises one element, however, which it is necessary to distinguish from the rest. This consists of an income which comes into this country from abroad, and does not originate in the employment of home labor. Now it is perfectly obvious that, according to socialistic principles, this income from abroad, if it ought not to remain in the hands of its present possessors, ought just as little to belong to any other class in this country. It ought to belong to workers in America, in India, in South Africa, or any other region in which the business of producing it is conducted; and, as Mr. Keir Hardie has very justly observed, it ought, if the principles of Socialism and of the Labor party mean anything, never to come into the United Kingdom

at all. The only income, therefore, with which we are here concerned as the subject of socialistic analysis, and the subject of any possible socialistic redistribution, is the income which is produced in this country itself, through the activity of its own inhabitants. Now the income from abroad (represented by an invested capital of approximately three thousand millions, of which nearly one-half is in India, South Africa, and North America) must amount, according to the latest figures, to something like 200,000,000*l.*, and if this be deducted from the national income in its entirety we get a sum of about 1,770,000,000*l.* as the total income produced in Great Britain and Ireland.

How much, then, of this sum goes to those who can be called "the rich"? Once again we require a definition of terms; for without it we shall talk at random. Mr. Chiozza Money, when tendering his evidence to the Select Committee on Income-tax, replied to a question concerning this particular point that he would include under the term "rich" all whose incomes were as much as several thousands a year. We will, however, here, for the purpose of the present discussion, use the term in a much more comprehensive sense. We will suppose that "riches," as signifying any income which, on account of its magnitude, Socialists would regard as illegitimate, begin with incomes in excess of 800*l.* a year. We can hardly put the limit lower when we consider that one of the Socialists representing "Labor" in Parliament not only receives 400*l.* a year as a member, but nearly as much again as the secretary of some party organization.

Let us begin accordingly with reviewing such specific information as we possess with regard to those incomes which do not exceed the limit which has just been mentioned. So far as those are concerned which do not exceed 160*l.*—incomparably the

largest factor in the case—I have pointed out already that they amount to an aggregate sum of certainly not less than 1,210,000,000*l.*, and I need not recapitulate the details of which this sum is composed. We have now to compute, and to add to this, the aggregate of incomes lying between 160*l.* a year and 800*l.* Our data, which are provided by the reports of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue; though voluminous, are incomplete, and yield a result which must fall short of the truth. They are comprised in a particular portion of the income-tax returns which records the number of incomes earned individually by "persons," by firms (other than companies), and by official and business employees whose salaries exceed 160*l.* a year. The "private firms," as enumerated in these records, are computed to represent on an average two and a-half partners each, and will so be treated here. According to the latest returns, which were issued late last year, the number of incomes between 160*l.* and 800*l.* which were thus separately identified was approximately 1,100,000, to which must be added the partners in about 30,000 small companies yielding an average profit per business of less than 1000*l.*, and also certain farmers. The incomes of these persons, as earned by professions or businesses, amount to a gross total of nearly 230,000,000*l.*, to which must be added an unearned income which amounts to over 100,000,000*l.*—nearly 50,000,000*l.* being identifiable; and which is derived from lands, houses, Government stock, and shares in the larger companies. The net total of these incomes, earned and unearned, cannot be less than 320,000,000*l.*

If these assessed incomes not exceeding 800*l.* be taken together with those not exceeding 160*l.*, the aggregate of the two will be about 1,530,000,000*l.* produced by the efforts of workers in the United Kingdom, about one-tenth

of this arising from property, and nine-tenths being direct earnings.

Compare, then, this home-produced income of more than 1,500,000,000*l.* with the total income produced in the United Kingdom, amounting, as we have seen, to some 1,770,000,000*l.*, and what is the proportion of the total which is taken by persons whose incomes are not above 800*l.* a year? The proportion, as nearly as possible, is 87 per cent.

To many who have grown familiar with the wild statistics of Socialists—those, for instance, of Mr. Hyndman, who twenty-eight years ago asserted that of a national income of 1,300,000,000*l.* the predatory or wholly idle rich appropriated as much as 77 per cent., leaving only 23 per cent. to the masses who alone produced the whole of it—it may seem hardly credible that of the home-produced income to-day a fraction so small as that which has just been indicated is really the sum of all incomes exceeding 800*l.* Their temptation to incredulity may, however, be lessened if I refer them to one of the most eminent statisticians of to-day in connection with an estimate which a few years ago on admittedly imperfect data, he hazarded of the aggregate of incomes in excess of 5000*l.* Mr. Bowley's tentative estimate amounted to 200,000,000*l.* Mr. Chiozza Money's was 250,000,000*l.* Since then the imposition of a super-tax on incomes of this class, and the stringent inquisition required by it, has disclosed an actual total of less than 120,000,000*l.*—a sum which, according to the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, may be taken as practically exhaustive. If, then, the actual income of this one section of the rich falls so short of what an expert like Mr. Bowley was inclined to regard as likely, there will be less surprise at the discovery that the income of the rich in a wider sense falls yet farther short of the purely fantastic

total imputed to it by persons who know nothing even of the meaning of such figures as they quote, and who see and seek in them nothing but an instrument of popular agitation.

But perhaps the temptation to incredulity which I have just mentioned as possible will be lessened yet more efficaciously if I again call attention to evidence of a different kind—namely, that supplied by the number of houses of different values. As I have said already, there is obviously some broad correspondence between the number of incomes exceeding 160*l.* and that of houses whose annual value is in excess of 20*l.* Now any difficulty which may be felt in realizing how small is the actual proportion borne by the income of the richer to that of the less rich classes is one which will relate mainly to the distribution of incomes above the assessment limit. When I first dealt with the evidence provided by houses, I used it to illustrate the rate at which houses of different values (and the incomes presumably corresponding to them) had been annually increasing in number during a certain recent period. Let us now take things as they are, and see what, according to the latest reports, is the actual number, classified according to their value, of houses worth more than 20*l.* a year.

The number of private houses worth more than 20*l.* a year, according to the latest reports, exceeds by a few thousands one and a-half million. Of such houses those whose annual values range from 20*l.* to 40*l.* number more than 1,000,000; those whose annual values range from 40*l.* to 80*l.* number 380,000; whilst those whose annual values are anything in excess of 80*l.* number, in round figures, no more than 120,000. In other words, out of the total number of houses broadly corresponding to the number of assessed incomes, not more than one-eleventh, or approximately 9 per cent., consists of such houses as

are broadly assignable to families whose annual incomes are in excess of 800*l*. Of course this fact in itself throws no light on the question of the actual income which goes to these richer families as a whole; but by showing how small the number of such families is relatively to the number of those whose incomes we have defined as "moderate," it will show that there is nothing which is even unlikely on the face of it in the conclusion to which we have been conducted by evidences of other kinds, that of the entire annual income which is produced in the United Kingdom, those persons who can be called rich in the widest acceptance of the term receive no more than a fraction which is approximately 13 per cent.

In other words, just as the socialistic diagnosis of the economic movement and tendencies of the last 110 years is an absolute inversion of the truth in each of its main particulars, so is the socialistic estimate of affairs as they are now an inversion no less preposterous. The practical results of this fact are obvious, and cannot be forced too insistently on the attention of prac-

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tical men. In so far as large sections of the population are influenced by the ideas of Socialism, they become, without any reference to Socialism as a reasoned theory, the nervous and super-excited dupes of all kinds of impossible expectations. The widespread exhibition of what is now called "labor unrest" is largely, though not entirely, attributable to this cause. Here we have a question which possesses a special interest at this moment, in view of the assertions of agitators during the strikes with regard to the minimum wage which is possible for every employed worker, and the violent exhortations addressed to uninstructed multitudes to hope for indefinitely more, and never to rest satisfied with less.

How wholly out of relation to anything which would be remotely practicable such assertions are, even should Socialists have at their disposal the entire resources of this country, I propose on another occasion to illustrate by some of the latest statistics, which are far more searching in their character than anything within our reach previously, relating to the principal industries of the United Kingdom to-day.

W. H. Mallock.

W. T. STEAD.

I.

All who care for justice to women and who desire to see the law and its administration make sure that, as far as possible, the world shall be a place of happiness and safety for children, have lost a stalwart friend in the death of W. T. Stead, who went down, on April 16th, with the *Titanic*.

I first became aware of a new note in journalism—at any rate in London journalism—in the early 'eighties. Here was some one writing with a pen touched with fire about the things that really mattered—clean living, and the

protection of children from the deepest of wrongs; and the pen did not give the impression of being guided by sentimentalism; it was evidently wielded by a man who had made a careful study of facts, and was prepared to give battle to defend the right. I do not think I ever heard his name till everybody heard it in 1885, when all London—and, indeed, all the world—rang with the shameless and cruel traffic for immoral purposes in little children, exposed for the first time in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. This traffic could have been, and ought

to have been, stopped by law; but the Bill dealing adequately with these horrors, though it had been passed more than once through the House of Lords, had been, session after session, talked out, counted out, and blocked in the House of Commons. It was counted out no more after Mr. Stead had carried out his plan of insisting that all the world should know that these devilish things were of common, everyday occurrence in a so-called Christian country. When he undertook his chivalric campaign, the age of consent in Christian England was thirteen; little children of thirteen could therefore legally consent to their own ruin, and no legal redress could be obtained from those who were worse than murderers. Many other offences of the deepest villainy were unrecognized as such by the law, and therefore were liable to no legal punishment. All this was changed by the action which Mr. Stead took. He was blamed for his sensationalism, for his want of good taste. But he knew what he was doing, and his training as a journalist told him that in order to rouse the torpid conscience of the House of Commons, shock tactics were necessary. I remember well his personal description of how he had been worked up to take the action which he did take. As a young man he had been greatly influenced by Mrs. Josephine Butler and her great crusade against the immoral Contagious Diseases Acts. It was Mrs. Josephine Butler who came to him with her heart-rending story, drawn from facts in her own experience, of the sale and purchase of young children in London for the purposes of immorality. Stead felt her message as a call for personal service. "Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the Heavenly vision," he might have said—the Heavenly vision of trying to get God's will done on earth as it is in Heaven. But though he was full of the spirit

which leads to personal service, he was careful and cautious in regard to facts. He felt he must make the groundwork of positive knowledge firm beneath his feet. He went, therefore, with his story, Mrs. Butler's story, to Sir Howard Vincent, then Head of the Criminal Investigation Department. "Just tell me," he said, "are such things possible?" The reply was: "They are not only possible, they are of common occurrence." Stead broke in, "It ought to rouse hell," and Sir Howard rejoined, "It does not even rouse the neighbors." Stead determined it should rouse the neighbors and the whole country, and through them the miserable indifference of the House of Commons to villainy which was contaminating the life-blood of the nation at its source. He made a plan for the fictitious, but apparently real, sale of a child, safeguarding himself and her at every stage by the presence of trustworthy witnesses of his *bona-fides*. He also took into his confidence beforehand the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Manning, and other high ecclesiastics. He then spread broadcast in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of which he was the Editor, the whole story. He accomplished what he set out to accomplish. The House of Commons boggled no more over the Criminal Law Amendment Bill; there were no more counts out and talks out of that long-delayed measure. The sons of Belial did what they could in the House to minimize its stringency, but they were no longer masters of the situation, and the Act which was finally passed was an enormous improvement on anything which up to that time had found a place in the Statute Book.

The enemy furiously raged together, and going over the whole of Stead's story told by himself with the utmost circumstance and publicity, discovered a joint in his armor of precautions, and that he had actually, in his crusade,

committed a technical breach of the law. A grateful country sentenced him to three months' imprisonment as an ordinary criminal. But he was almost immediately made a first-class misdemeanant, and went on editing the *Pall Mall Gazette* from his cell in Holloway.

The effect of his heroic action did not cease with the passing of the Act. Many good men and women, foremost among them Mr. and Mrs. Percy Bunting, determined that the deep feeling which had been aroused should have a permanent expression. The National Vigilance Association was formed with Mr. W. A. Coote as Secretary. Its object was to see that the new law was set in motion, and to secure further improvements and developments in it. The International work now going forward with the object of preventing the White Slave Trade is due to the National Vigilance Association, and thus, indirectly, to W. T. Stead. The House of Commons shows its old indifference and supineness in relation to this great work; the Bill has been put up for second reading by the Member in charge of it again and again. It is always blocked. The Government, while expressing entire approval of it, declines to take it up; it needs behind it

the electoral force which it would receive if women had votes. No one was more clear on this point than Stead; he constantly recurred to it. The last time I saw him was on March 28th. I was, with other women, walking up and down the pavement outside the House of Commons while the men inside were killing the Conciliation Bill. We exchanged a friendly greeting, and I well knew that with his whole heart and strength he wished us well.

It is pleasant to read what everyone is saying of him now; that to him death was but the passage from one room to another of his Father's house; that it was quite certain that he would be among the last to leave the ship, that among the tragic uncertainties of this tragic event there was, at any rate, one positive certainty, and that was that he would never seek his own safety at the cost of others, but would die, as he had lived, heroically. No one pretends that he was faultless; but he had a great and generous heart, a boundless and intense vitality, and the spontaneous desire everywhere and always to protect and cherish the weak. We may be thankful for his life. "We are a nation yet," as long as we can breed such men as he was.

Millicent Garrett Fawcett.

II.

It added a strange thrill to the horror of the ocean-agony to hear that W. T. Stead had gone down to his death in the silent depths of those icy waters. Such an end became him. He belonged to the sudden and supreme hours, when all that man has is at stake. He understood the vehement, the spasmodic. He was at home in heroic moments of storm and stress, in the daring ventures of the human spirit. He would show himself in all his nobility of soul under this tremendous proof; and no one who knew him could doubt how his tenderness might have spent itself in

the service of the women and children. "Splendid action on the edge of life." How he would have loved James Mozley's famous phrase! His soul would have been aflame to meet the call. If only he could have told us, as no other could tell, the story of the awful night, and have flung out, into burning words, the tragic irony of such a close to that stupendous toy which man's power and pride had fashioned for his pleasure!

He was a most lovable man. He had something of the child about him, which drew and endeared. I recall the old days of Bulgarian atrocities, in

which he and Liddon struck up their surprising friendship. I think of his confiding to Liddon, on a drive to Dunkeld, that he had learned more from John Knox than he had ever got out of St. Paul. "Indeed, dear friend; that, I confess, has not been my own experience," came the answer, in Liddon's softest tones.

Then the storm of "The Maiden Tribute" burst. I had been warned by a short visit from Josephine Butler, with her gray, sorrow-stricken, beautiful face, to be ready for some tremendous shock. So I was able to understand and to recognize the dauntless and devoted courage of the man, and to rely absolutely on his spirit of self-sacrifice, however perilous his methods. Later on, I had the help and joy of acting with him over the Eastern Crisis and Armenian massacres.

The note of everything about him lay in his moral impetuosity. It carried all along. There was no power on earth that could check, or damp, or repress it. It had the invincible confidence of inspiration in it. It stormed its way through. And, then, it had at its service an intelligence that knew no reserves, and accepted no repression, and revelled in largeness of scope, and in audacities of venture, and in swiftness of action, and in defiant concentration of all its power upon the immediate purpose.

Never was a man so magnificently equipped for delivering the direct blow that would tell decisively. He knew exactly what to lay his hands upon, to serve the need of the hour. He could work up any amount of material, at a moment's notice, into some amazingly effective form. The whole man went into it, at full speed, with every nerve strung and alert. He took the whole world into his purview; nothing was too big; nothing daunted. Everybody

and everything could be put to use for the purposes of his fervent advocacy. These were the times at which all his wonderful capacity came out.

He lay outside conventional movements, and was singularly detached from the normal currents of political influence. He did not belong to anybody. Rather, he broke out in splendid spasms. And no one could foresee where and what his occasions would be. He had a liking for going direct to the central spot, and dealing with it straight, *e.g.*, to the Pope, or the Tsar, or Cecil Rhodes, or the Sultan. His impetuosity gave us shocks and surprises. It swept us into the irretrievable disaster of sending Gordon to the Soudan. But it was always noble, and heroic. It always had a touch of spiritual simplicity in it. It had a prophetic force about it, which cleaned out the dull channels of our sodden lives, and purged our hearts of their dulness and timidity. He did us good, even when he blundered. He stirred the true blood in us, and woke the spirit from its sloth. We became aware of the high calls of faith, and of the risks that heroism must ever run, and of the sacrifices that the good Cause will ask for to the end. He might be rash; he might be violent; he might be one-sided. When once stirred, he could not help bringing into play the perilous gifts that made him the most vivid and brilliant journalist in England. But he was never stirred but by great motives. He was always prepared to spend himself and to be spent for the highest that he saw or knew. He held nothing back, when he gave himself away. Spiritual convictions were paramount over him. He lived, and was ever ready to die, for the Truth as he believed it, and for the God whom he served.

Henry Scott Holland.

III.

I remember once asking an eminent man of wide experience who was the cleverest person he had ever met. "In sheer intellectual ability," he replied, "I have never met anyone who surpassed our friend Stead." This is an estimate which would, I believe, be endorsed by many who knew that remarkable man in his prime. Not only in intellectual energy and quickness, but also in strength of will, in driving power, and in force of personality, the Editor successively of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Review of Reviews* had few equals among his contemporaries. He had that combination of gifts, and that touch of genius, which must have achieved distinction in whatever walk of life his lot had been cast. In one only of the qualities which make for practical success was he sometimes deficient; had his judgment been equal to his other faculties, there is no measure of success which he might not in any calling have attained. Journalism was, however, the sphere in which his life's work lay, and in it his influence was deep and wide—far more so than is, perhaps, realized by a younger generation. If the history of modern English journalism should ever adequately be written, Mr. Stead will, I am confident, figure as the most creative and invigorating force in it.

Carlyle pictured the newspaper as the modern Church. "Look well, thou seest everywhere a new clergy of the Mendicant Orders, some barefooted, some almost barebacked, fashion itself into shape, and teach and preach zealously enough for copper alms and the love of God." Most people, I suppose, pause before "and the love of God," in order to read a sardonic laugh between the lines—as Carlyle, it is likely enough, intended. But the passage as it stands expresses precisely Mr. Stead's conception of journalism and his work in it. Not, indeed, that he was ever

very careful about "the copper alms." He made, it is true, a financial success, as he well deserved, out of the *Review of Reviews*; but I can conceive that some of those about him would say that such success, though in one sense all the Editor's own, was in other ways attained more in his despite than by his aid. Mr. Stead was of all men the most unworldly, and of editors the least susceptible to the "business side." But in another sense he was a consummate master in the art of attracting "the copper alms." He knew, that is to say, that a newspaper in order to have influence must be read, and that an editor's first business, therefore, is to make his sheet readable. It must have circulation—not by any means necessarily "the widest circulation," but circulation amongst the people in many different spheres who count for most. This was what Mr. Stead set himself to attract to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, both when he was assistant-editor under Lord Morley and during his own editorship. He acclimatized the "Interview"; and the way he had with him, assisted by a prodigious memory and literary art, made him supreme in the use of this journalistic form. He developed the "special article" and the "signed contribution." He was the pioneer in daily journalism of maps and other illustrations. Indeed there are few, if any, among laudable features in "the new journalism" which the historian will not have to trace back to the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Budget* and *Extras* of Mr. Stead's time. The amount of personal initiative in idea and of personal work in execution which Mr. Stead threw into the paper would be incredible if one had not witnessed it. He would think nothing of writing the leading article, half-a-dozen "Occasional Notes," a special article or an interview, and a column of "exclusive information," all in one

day's paper. The personal and confidential talks which lay behind such information were innumerable. The great Delane himself was not acquainted with more important personages, and Mr. Stead's range of curiosity was far wider. In politics Mr. Stead had a footing behind the scenes in both camps. He used to correspond with Lord Salisbury, and even Mr. Stead's deputy had at one time the privilege of almost daily conversations with Lord Randolph Churchill. A story of Mr. Stead's famous audience of the Czar has been told elsewhere. But there was one great man nearer home whom Mr. Stead failed, after trial, to interview. On his return from one of his visits to Russia the time seemed to have come. Mr. Stead had important messages, and had seen Lord Salisbury and a yet more exalted personage. He informed Mr. Chamberlain to that effect, and begged leave to lay his report before the Minister in person. But Mr. Chamberlain was not even so to be caught, and replied to some such effect as this: that "as Mr. Stead had already seen the Prime Minister, Mr. Chamberlain feels that he has no right to ask Mr. Stead to call on a subordinate Minister." Mr. Stead laughed heartily as he recalled the clever letter. It was one of his many engaging personal traits that he told the story of any discomfiture with the same gusto that he brought to the recital of his triumphs. The triumphs were many, the discomfitures few.

Mr. Stead, then, made his *Gazette* and his *Review* interesting and readable. He did this by taking infinite pains, and as the expression of his own inexhaustible vigor and curiosity. No journalist of the time procured so much "good copy," and none knew better how to present it in a vivid and arresting manner. All this, however, was "the copper alms" side of the business—the first thing needful in his conception of jour-

nalism; but only the first, and not the chief. The essential thing was to "teach and preach zealously for the love of God." One or two reminiscences will serve to bring out this side of Mr. Stead's journalism. I recall as vividly as if it were yesterday a scene in the old room at Northumberland Street around the editor's table at which Mr. Greenwood, Lord Morley, and Mr. Stead had successively worked. The *Pall Mall* in those days, as some of my readers will remember, was a small sheet, and its front page was wholly consecrated to the leading-article and the beginning of a "special article." There was a conference of the powers that were, at which it was proposed, in the interests of the business side, to enlarge the sheet, and to place theatrical advertisements in a first column alongside of the "leader." Discussion was long and lively, and in the end Mr. Stead yielded; "but I warn you," he added, "that it may be the ruin of the paper." I think he under-estimated the attraction of his leaders in themselves, and exaggerated the importance of giving them pontifical seclusion; but the tale well illustrates his intense conviction that the day's sermon was the thing.¹ In an account cabled to the *Star* of Mr. Stead's table-talk on board the *Titanic*, he is reported as saying that he had impressed on Mr. Hearst the importance of giving a "soul" to "sensational journalism." By "a soul," he meant "a definite moral purpose in some social movement or political reform." This was the essence of Mr.

¹ Mr. Stead did not take amiss any harmless liberty on the part of his subordinates, and an otherwise trivial sequel may be recounted to illustrate the relations between the editor and his staff. A few days later a letter arrived from a reader, beginning: "Sir,—You have ruined your paper. Henceforth I shall buy only the *St. James's Gazette*." And then Mr. Stead's subordinate, who had opened the letter, paused, as if that were all. "Ah," said Mr. Stead, "Did I not tell them all so?" But tragedy passed into comedy, as the subordinate continued to read: "The *St. James's Gazette* is now the only paper left of a convenient size for wrapping one's shoes in." Mr. Stead enjoyed the pleasantry as heartily as anyone else.

Stead's own journalism; and at one time he placed in the hands of every member of his staff a copy of "The Gospel according to the *P.M.G.*"—"a rough outline," he explained, "scribbled off at such fragmentary hours as were available after my return from the office, of the things which are more surely received among us."

"The Gospel according to the *P.M.G.*," as preached by Mr. Stead, has had great and far-reaching influence. This is a country governed by public opinion, and Mr. Stead was a potent moulder of public opinion in the political and social sphere. His work in the cause of womanhood is, I understand, discussed elsewhere in this *Review*, and this was the work which he considered his greatest. In the field of politics, Mr. Stead was the most powerful of the journalists who contributed to form and maintain public opinion on the side of a strong Navy. He was among the first, and was easily the most persistent, in advocating a good understanding with Russia. He was one of the pioneers in familiarizing the ideas roughly expressed in the phrase "Imperial Federation." He was a constant advocate of Anglo-American friendship, and the later years of his life were largely devoted to the cause of International Arbitration. But his influence was widest in a sphere which is less palpable and which less touches particular problems or specific solutions. He was profoundly religious, and his beliefs became more and more touched with mysticism; but the practical gospel, for which those beliefs gave sanction, was the service of man as the service of God. It is impossible to write anything about Mr. Stead without quoting the poet whose words were most often in his mouth and at the point of his pen. He took his marching orders from Lowell:—

The Contemporary Review.

He's true to God who's true to man;
wherever wrong is done,
To the humblest and the weakest 'neath
the all-beholding sun.

The gospel of social service, the politics of social betterment, were what was nearest to his heart. And here he greatly widened his influence by personal intercourse and exhortation. He was not satisfied with preaching only in his paper or his review. He was as instant on the platform and in the chapel as in the printed page. One cannot measure such things precisely; but it cannot be doubted that his persistency of preaching in the Press, his *Link* ("A Journal for the Servants of Man"), his "Association of Helpers," and his personal influence with individuals, have exercised a very powerful force. And besides, he practised what he preached—not always, it may be, with judicious discrimination, but always with a self-denying generosity. As has been said of him elsewhere, "it was enough in a man and a woman to be unfortunate, for Mr. Stead to befriend them."

As I close these remarks, a letter reaches me, in which a friend of his recites a recent conversation. "When my work is done," he said, "I shall die a violent death." "How do you know?" "I cannot tell; but I have had a vision, and I know that it will be true, as surely as that I am talking to you." It is unlikely that we shall ever be told how he died; but those who knew him will be in no doubt. He must have faced his doom unflinchingly; for he knew no fear, and he did not believe that death meant separation. And, if occasion arose, he must have comforted and strengthened any weaker brother within his reach. It was what he was doing all his life.

E. T. Cook.

FORTUNA CHANCE.

BY JAMES PRIOR

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE TENT.

He proceeded at a quick walk unmolested, though every now and then he heard somewhere behind the sound of a man's voice, the tramp of a horse, the rustle or the crackle of dry wood or green. But when he was near the Piper's Stand he came upon a herd of hinds with their spotted calves. They started away from him, and immediately he heard a man shout from near at hand, heard a horse coming down the riding at a jog-trot. He stepped behind a great oak stump and had a glimpse of the plebald through the trees. At the same time he perceived a greater activity of pursuit behind. He was driven to cross the riding, and however quickly he did it was seen by Huff, who gave a shrill view-holloa, answered by holloas from no great distance in the rear.

The park had become too hot for him. There was no room to double back; he was forced to break cover, and nearer the hall and little village than he would have wished. But the safer retreat to the wilder country was being cut off by Huff, who had trotted away along the riding outwards. As he pushed on he could hear the thud of the plebald's hoofs quickly becoming fainter. He came out where the ground dips between the quarry and the dumbles, and thence went straight up for the Derby road. He had a good start of Huff, who had gone a long way round, and who moreover when he did at last espy him had to pick his way across the dumbles, a small hollowed watercourse overgrown with rank vegetation.

Roland had got his wind again in the park. Across the road he ran and down on the other side. Before him was a shallow treeless valley with Annesley Woodhouse on the opposite

ridge, a solitary grange. He had an aim, though hardly a hope, namely to gain Selston's great wild common which lay a mile and a half away on the left. But in vain he tried to bear to that quarter. Huff was riding a good way behind and wide of him, but still always turning him towards the Woodhouse, towards the Nook. He chiefly dreaded less after all he should be overtaken in his mother's presence. In his constant vision of her she was still standing at her window on the look-out, palely expecting.

He ran down but could not escape along the marshy bottom past Huff, who, old fox-hunter that he was, did not attempt to ride him down, but steadily stolidly going, careful of his horse and sure of the issue, was satisfied with ever pushing him towards the Woodhouse, towards the Nook, towards the main body of the hue and cry, which he judged to be somewhere on the road to the right. He ran down, and as he mounted again glanced back once and only once at the opposite hillside. There were only two footmen in sight. His eyes were half blinded with the sweat that poured off his forehead, but he thought he saw Leg-it with perhaps Loony behind. Had Ellis and the others given up, or where were they? As he ran on with the wind in his face, he was troubled more by that uncertainty than by the visible danger that was dogging him on his left and in his rear.

Strain himself as he might he was forced to pass within twenty yards of the Woodhouse. The shouts of his pursuers were blown away by the wind; but by chance Jim Pordage the cowman came lounging out of the crew-yard with a stable fork in his hand. He came across Roland's path, saying in his sluggish way, "What's the

mighty hurry, surry?" and seemed inclined to stop him with his fork. But Roland picked up a stone with each hand and looked so grim that the cowman let him by.

"Don't hull, surry," he said. "I own to't as the softest o' them stuns is harder nor my head."

Roland passed on, and Jim stood until he could put the same slow question to Leg-it:

"What's all this 'ere hurry?"

"He has murdered Abel Marrott," answered Leg-it gaspily.

"Not by no fair means, I'll stand to't," said Jim.

But Leg-it had shut down his mouth and was saving the residue of his breath. He trotted by, and Jim meaning to run with him was so slow in getting a start that he came along no more than abreast of Loony.

"Got any—breath," said Loony, "to lend me—while to-morrer?"

"Dollups," said Jim. "Ho'd thy mouth open; I'll teem some in wi' my fork."

"Nay—yo'd offend—my rotten tooth; it's some awkward-tempered. I mun wait—while yo can—spoon it in."

The piebald, unused to any pace less deliberate than a jog-trot whether going to market or following the hounds, had gained little during the ascent; Leg-it and Loony were at their last gasp; Jim Pordage was only keeping them company. There seemed some chance of the pursued outrunning pursuit. When they reached the hill-top the Erewash valley was outspread before them, with Kirkby beyond conspicuously headed by its church. But what claimed attention was the gentle slope on their right, down which some three or four men were hastening from the road to meet them. Leg-it and Loony saw and taking the relief that was offered at once dropped to a walk. Jim saw, but it made no difference; from mere inertia he kept on running. Huff

saw, and dug his heels into his lagging piebald's flanks. Roland saw, and ran as he had been running, straight ahead; ran altogether without hope, simply because it was easier to him to be taken running than standing; ran as it were nowhither; until his breath was a mere gasp and his sight not enough to choose his footing with, step by step. He ceased to mind his footing.

Suddenly he staggered; his footing had failed him; his head swam; he seemed to be falling headlong; but a sudden stoppage and a shock rough rather than violent, and operating from his feet, not his head, seemed to show that he had recovered himself. Still his head swam. After a sort he heard a voice, but his hearing was as dull as his other senses. He felt himself seized by hands.

"I give myself up," he said, or thought to say.

He felt himself drawn a few yards; then darkness fell upon him all at once; he dropped to the ground and lay struggling for breath.

He had been going direct for the dingle of Mapple Wells in which he had seen the Gipsies' camp on yester evening. He had plunged blindly down the steepest of its nearer bank straight for Alfa's tent. She came out, understood at a glance that he was in jeopardy, sprang to him, dragged rather than drew him into her tent, then dropped the blanket over its entrance. Next moment Huff rode up to the brink of the hollow. Not seeing Roland, he supposed him to be hiding behind one or other of the scattered trees or somewhere among the abundant gorse and thorn-bushes. The newcomers were approaching the head of the dingle. The ascent of the opposite bank was almost impossible to one at the lees of his strength. The churchwarden thought they had him like a rat in a trap. But he was weighty and the piebald's legs were aged. He rode

along the brow to where the descent was easier, keeping all the while a good look-out.

Alfa had put a phial to the fugitive's mouth and made him gulp some mouthfuls of a strong cordial, which seemed immediately to fill him from head to foot. She gave him a few seconds in which to recover breath and realize his surroundings; then said:

"What's agate?"

"Where am I? Who are you?" he asked in a faint hoarse voice.

"You're in the tan of a Romany chi. The English gentleman has quite forgotten her. That don't matter. What was you running from?"

"From men who are after me."

"What for?"

"Another man's deed."

"What sort o' deed?"

"Murder."

He shuddered, and the cordial seemed to go from him, head and foot. Evidently the pursuers were at hand. There was the clomp of heavy feet hastening down the bank and the sound of voices, as of men hoarse with hard running. Alfa peeped through an opening in the tent wall, then looked round again and pointed to a horse-rug and other clothing which, dimly seen, overlaid a heap of straw on the far side of the tent.

"Lay down there."

"I shall be doing you a mischief," answered Roland, "and myself no boot. Let me out."

He felt the bitterness of being in hiding. She stopped him with a firm hand and said with a low-pitched peremptoriness:

"Do what I tell you, at once; there's no time for gab."

The voices and footsteps were then close at hand. He was too spent for controversy; he lay as he was bidden, his full length upon the straw. Then she lay beside him, nay, to his astonishment, disgust, upon him, and

drew the clothes over them so that there was no appearance but of one body.

"What are you doing?" he said in a well-nigh smothered voice.

"Saving us both or doing for us both."

"What'll folks say?"

"Shut your mouth, you, and say noat," she whispered sternly. "The Gaujos are here."

Indeed it was high time they ceased their argument; the blanket was pushed aside and a man looked in, Ellis the keeper.

"Holloa! Anybody in?"

"Ay," said Alfa in the faint voice of a sufferer. "Come in; I can't get up. What d'ye want of me? Is't the yerb-doctor?"

"No."

"Zuba promised to send him," she whined.

"Have yer seed a man goo by this a-way?"

"Don't worrit me," said Alfa, turning her face from him with a well-feigned peevishness; "I've seed noat; I'm sick."

"Look if he's i' this tent," said a voice from the rear, Samson Smallage's, "yo and Thumb, whilst me and Jim goes and searches the tother un. Purr and pry about."

The keeper and Thumb pushed in.

"Look for yoursens," said Alfa; "I can't get up; I wish I could; I've a fever on me."

"What sort o' fever?" said the keeper, shrinking back.

"A baddish sort. But you needn't be so scared; it ain't catching."

"Is't small-pox?"

"Go on with your looking."

The men stood aloof and glanced round. There was nothing to be seen but a few household utensils, a small chest curiously carved, a pony's saddle and saddle-bags, an unfinished basket fancifully wrought, a small heap of

rushes and osiers, and the recumbent woman.

"That'll do," said the keeper.

They withdrew.

"If 'twere me," said Ellis, "I'd a deal sooner be hanged nor hae the small-pox."

"There'd be a sight less to-do for e'erybody," said Thumb.

They joined their fellows; who having driven away a snarling cur from the door of the other tent had made a thorough search there but found nothing.

"Seed oat?" said the constable.

"Nubbut a woman smittled¹ wi' a fever," answered Ellis.

"I mislike the looks on her," said Thumb; "she's that red i' th' chaps."

"I'd lay my last groat as it's small-pox," said the keeper. "I wish I'd hed a sprig o' rue i' my mouth."

"'Tis a sure nannidote," said Thumb, "again oat catchin'."

"Well," said the constable, "it behooves uz to be catchin' summat more profitable nor that. There's nobody in the tother tent at all, nayther heder nor sheder.² He moot be dodgin' among them trees and busks by the watter side."

"Wheer's the churchwarden?" said Ellis.

"Ay, he ought to be round afore this," said Samson.

Drawled Jim, "Him and his mare was allus o' the same slow way o' thinkin'."

Just then the rider of the gray trotted down the easy descent from the head of the dingle.

"Why are you shackling about here, men?" said Farmer Radage. "Why aren't you a-backing Mester Huff?"

"We was just a-talkin' on him, mester," said Samson.

"Rot your talk! Look yonner!"

¹ Infected.

² Male or female.

Their eyes, following the lead of the speaker's whip, saw the churchwarden going steadily across the Bottom half a mile away in the direction of Kirkby.

"That caps all!" said Samson.

"He mun hae sight or scent on him," said Ellis.

"He's lashin' into the little oad mare like oat," said Thumb.

"Mester," said Jim Pordage in no hurry; "I don't see how the lad, bein' as he was pumped welly-nigh dry when he went by th' ouse——"

"Foller on, men," cried Radage, "without so much blotther. Or he'll get to earth afore we can run him down. Hark forrard!"

He set the example by starting off at a hand-gallop down the dingle, and was followed by the footmen, each at his own particular speed.

The fact is that the plebald, steady-going old mare that she was, had all the morning been resenting that cross-country riding without the music of the hounds. Besides she had not been used to go a-hunting two days running, and at her time of life did not mean to get used to it. Had not the last long run been directly for home probably she would not have held on so patiently. As it was she had gone willingly enough as far as the mouth of the dingle; but when Huff pulled her off rein and would have had her turn her head up the dingle and her back upon Kirkby and her stable, she at last asserted herself. She did not bolt, she did not seize the bit with her teeth, she disdained such hot-headed frivolities. She simply took her own way at her habitual pace, and having a mouth as tough as whitleather felt as little need to obey as to resent either steady pull or furious jag at that insufficient snaffle. Authority was transferred with as little fuss in operation or brag on fulfilment as ever in the world's history.

As soon as by the sound the consta-

ble's party seemed to be fairly gone Alfa rose.

"Don't speak word," she whispered. "And don't stir foot nor finger until I say."

She peered in various directions through slits in the tent's worn blankets, then went to the other side of the tent, as far from her guest as possible, and sat on the ground cross-legged with the expression of one whose mind is concentrated. She appeared to have advanced far towards complete womanhood in the troublous half-year since Roland had last seen her. Now he did not see her; he remained covered up. Yet during his confused entrance or the next tumultuous half-minute he must have taken in with his bodily eye, without his mind's present co-operation, her Gipsy beauty with that magnificent morning flush upon it; for without actual sight it was plainly before him as he lay; it and nothing else. And while it was plain to him as something old and known it moved him like something new.

After several minutes of a strained quiet Alfa again rose and peeped through the slits and through the door. Satisfied so far she opened the small chest, disclosing a small store of provisions, out of which she took a slice of barley bread and a piece of boiled bacon and put them into Roland's hand.

"I han't any appetite for it," said he.

She poured out into a horn a smaller dose of the same cordial as before, and "Drink this," she said. As before, it revived him to an extraordinary degree, and he no longer looked on the food with disfavor. As soon as he began to eat she again went to the door, peeped, ventured out, looked the dingle up and down with the eye of a practised scout, then darted to the top of the bank, and standing well screened in the midst of a clump of broom scanned every quarter of the horizon. Looking towards Annesley Woodhouse she beheld three

men, two together and a single one in front whom she made out to be Ethan; northwards between herself and the Grives there was a horseman on a bay descending Rise hill; and they were all hastening towards Kirkby. She waited with no outward sign of impatience until the rider had gone down out of sight into the trough of the valley, and the footmen had become scarcely distinguishable from the bushes scattered here and there along their way. Then she ran back to the tent.

"Up!" she said "and quick! The Gaujos have trusted to their own thick seeing and hearing. There's not a man of 'em within half a mile of us. It's time you was moving. Zuba's out calling and Dick's gone a-fishing. Ethan seems to be in the hunt—what consarn is't o' hisn, I wonder?—but he don't often take his dog's face far away and he may sneak back any minute."

Roland got up. From the little chest she began to snatch bread, cheese, cake and thrust them into an ancient leathern wallet.

"Alfa," he said, "I shall never forget this."

She looked up from the chest, her face suddenly hot. Though he had been partly prepared he was astonished at the blaze of its angry beauty.

"You've got to forget," she said sternly. "If you don't I shall hate you. Of if I don't it'll be becoss I can't."

"I can't either," said he; "and if I could I wouldn't."

She rose, she stamped on the ground, saying:

"Hain't I telled you? Hold your jaw! But we're chattering like kids when we ought to be doing." Her manner suddenly left its fury and her voice dropped to a businesslike level. "Which way shall you go?"

"I'm following Prince Charlie—to Scotland."

"The Gaujos are atween here and Kirkby; you mun go round by Cock's Moor and Fullwood into Derbyshire. You'll easy lose 'em among them hills and hollows."

"Ay," said Roland, just recalling his mother's words, "I'll go by Ash-over."

"Good. Here's a bit o' bread for you by the way." She put the wallet into his hand, which he accepted slackly as though his thoughts were elsewhere. "Who's been put out o' the way? You're slow to say."

"Keeper Marrott."

"I know somebody what ain't over fond o' him. Who did it?"

"How should I know?"

"What's that mongrel Ethan to do with following the hangman's lot? Who knows? But there's no time for telling stories. Now jai! My best hope is as you'll never clap eyes on me again."

His divided will was no match for her concentrated resolution. She pushed him out of the tent, with imperative finger pointed the way that he was to take; then before he had spoken again went back into the tent and dropped the cover over its mouth. But she must have spied upon his movements through some narrow aperture, for he had not taken a dozen steps before she was out and after him.

"If you don't put more sperrit into your going," she said, "you won't lay on Beeley Moor this night, as your need is."

"Alfa," said he, "why should you trouble yourself about me?"

"The hangman's close after you," she exclaimed, "and you stop axing fool's questions! which won't get no answer. I could fly like God's breath but must sit in the tent, and you— But if your own pair o' legs is so helpless you must borrow two pair more."

She whistled once and that not loud, but immediately a rough-coated little

brown pony that was grazing near by lifted head and trotted up to her.

"You must ride Chuvion till you're clear o' Fullwood; that'll give you a good start. Then just do up the halter round his neck and turn him loose, and he'll make his road back without fall."

Roland mounted. The pony, which had no harness but a halter, seemed at first unwilling to submit his head to Gaujo guidance; but his mistress with a word or two, if they were words, at once brought him into submission. Roland, hovering there for a moment between starting and staying, bethought himself of Bob's token to Bell which he had on him.

"Alfa," he said, fumbling in his deep skirt-pocket, "will you do summat more for me?"

She perceived the softening of his voice and answered with a frosty "Maybe."

He brought the packet out and put it awkwardly into her hand.

"I want you to deliver it to Bell Brandrith o' Sutton Manor-house. Tell her 'tis from— Nay, let her guess."

Thereat a thought which had been hidden below, deep as it seemed beyond all sounding, darted to the surface, and the consciousness of it overspread his cheeks like a crimson ripple. In resentment of which he struck the pony over the neck with the halter end and started him off at a gallop up the steep bank. At the top with much exertion he brought him to a momentary check, not stand, while he looked back. Alfa had already gone in. He gave the pony his will, and was borne onward at a remarkable speed by the head of the Grives and the foot of Nail Nest Hill; whence, but still keeping wide of Kirkby village, he began to veer to the west. As he rode between Sutton and Low Moor he heard the Sutton bells chime. They brought the first thought of Sunday that had come to him that

day, and with it a sense of greater security; not as though he had entered sanctuary but been wafted in spirit through the shadow of it. He had seen no sign of pursuit.

The plebald, having the start, was not overtaken either by horse or foot before she had gained her stable. Huff did not acknowledge then or ever that he had been run away with, and his apparent defection took the heart out of the search, at least until the rector's return at noon. Meanwhile most of the hue and cry passed on to the ale-house, where their tongues went with as good a will as ever did their legs. Ethan had parted company with them. Almost the first words that he heard

on joining the main party had started him back for the camp. He passed his own tent and stopped at Alfa's. The entrance being closed he stood outside, called her name and spoke Romany. Again and again he called and spoke, then waited and spoke again; till at last suddenly the door-covering was raised and Alfa stood before him with a red and angry face. He fell back from her in manifest terror of her contact. Without word said she again dropped the door-blanket. He turned away with a mien between the affrighted and the suspicious and went in search of his mother. What the maid did, how looked, was hidden from the day.

(To be continued.)

THE LIFE STORY OF MADAME STEINHEIL.

There were mixed feelings in Paris, there were all kinds of sighs and exclamations in the Amazing City, when at last, on November the 14th, 1903, the martyrdom of Mme. Marguerite Steinheil in the dim, oak-panelled Court of Assizes came to an end. The sighs (expressive of infinite relief and satisfaction) were heaved by all those distinguished or fashionable ornaments of Paris society who had thronged Mme. Steinheil's salon during the period of its elegant renown; the exclamations—charged with bitterness and indignation—were uttered by M. *le petit bourgeois* high up in his musty and dreary fifth-floor apartment. Let us take the case of the small bourgeois first. M. Hippolyte Durand was indignant over the Steinheil *cause célèbre* because it had failed to provide the shocks, scandals, and full, startling disclosure of the private life and amours of the late M. Félix Faure, President of the Republic, he had so eagerly anticipated. But over their "five o'clocks" of su-

gared cakes and cups of pale tea, the ornaments of "le Tout Paris," who had filled Mme. Steinheil's salon, rejoiced that their reputations were "safe." It was only known amongst themselves that they had flattered and embraced Mme. Steinheil: called her "Meg" (short for "Marguerite") and "ma chérie"; begged her to use her influence in Ministries and at the Elysée to obtain official posts of importance for their sons, relatives, and friends. One thing they admitted of Mme. Steinheil: she had been discreet. So all was well, so there was nothing to fear—until—until some months ago, when "le Tout Paris" was startled and horrified, and the *petite bourgeoisie* excited and enraptured, by the announcement that Mme. Steinheil had almost completed a volume of memoirs. But, calm thyself, breathe again, O distinguished, fashionable, and much agitated "Tout Paris": Mme. Steinheil has let thee off lightly. Put down your money on the bookseller's counter, M. Hippolyte Durand: you

will learn lots and lots about the late President of the Republic and his private life and amours. As to the ordinary reader, let him not fail to make the acquaintance of Mme. Steinhell's tempestuous life-story.¹ Poetry, drama, mystery, tragedy pervade its 470 pages. The narrative is enhanced by the brilliancy of its literary style. Most indubitably, an extraordinary book.

When first introduced to us, Marguerite the brunette—or "Meg"—is five years of age, happiest of children, adoring (and adored by) her parents, the well-to-do M. and Mme. Japy; who lived in a pleasant house in the picturesque village of Beaucourt. She received at once a classical and an artistic education. Until the age of seventeen, "Meg" explored the surrounding country, went skating and tobogganing, rode horses and climbed trees, painted pictures and sang songs—"What happy days! What a lovely life! How everything smiled on me, how everything seemed simple and good!" At nineteen, the brilliant and beautiful "Meg" began to break hearts. Among the aspirants to her hand were "two officers, a barrister, a wealthy nobleman, a lecturer, and a stout manufacturer." Presently, M. Steinhell, a nephew of Meissonier and himself a painter, "added himself to my suitors." He was twenty years her senior—neither elegant nor entertaining; but he gave "Meg" painting lessons, he was entirely devoted, he was ardent and persistent—and his persistency and ardor won the day. The wedding took place at Beaucourt. Thus charmingly does Mme. Steinhell describe the graceful, picturesque ceremony—

"On the day of my marriage, all the youths and maidens in the neighborhood formed an aisle outside the church, and they held garlands of roses and ribbons, to which turtle-doves were lightly

attached. As I proceeded, I broke the garlands and the flowers dropped on my white dress and were scattered on the ground, and the severed ribbons allowed the doves to escape, one after another, over my head. On the threshold of the church, one of the young men made a pretty speech, and then, according to the old tradition stopped M. Steinhell and made him dash a glass to pieces—which is supposed to show that he renounces the joys of bachelordom. Next, the head of the delegation delivered a speech in which my future husband was duly told what a great honor Beaucourt conferred upon him in giving him as bride one of its own demoiselles. Would he please bear this in mind, and also remember that they all relied upon him to make me 'infinitely happy.'"

But, the young wife's married life began very far from happily. She was in her twentieth year, her husband in his fortieth, when they took possession of the house in the *Impasse Ronsin*. With them lived M. Steinhell's sister—elderly, old-fashioned, austere—who ruled her brother with a rod of iron, and regarded "Meg" as a spoilt and frivolous child incapable of conducting a home. The drawing-room was cold, dreary, unattractive. Dreadful ornaments were about; heavy bourgeois furniture abounded. When "Meg" brightened the place up with draperies and flowers, scenes with Mdlle. Steinhell. When the gas was left burning, stern rebukes from the old maid. When "Meg" sang her gay songs, frowns from the spinster. "She has always lived with me. But I hope she will marry some day," said M. Steinhell, timidly. And that gave his wife this capital idea: "I must find her a husband. I must not rest until I have got her married." So, she searched and she searched for a lord and master for Mdlle. Steinhell. After a six months' campaign, success "crowned my ef-

¹ "My Memoirs." By Marguerite Steinhell. London: Eveleigh Nash. 10s. 6d. net.

forts," and M. Steinhell's sister disappeared from the Impasse Ronsin on the arm of a Government official. Then, what changes in the home! Away went the hideous ornaments, the impossible furniture. In came all manner of bright, elegant and beautiful things. The salon was one of the most tasteful in Paris. And soon to this salon—whilst M. Steinhell kept to his studio—came the society people and celebrities known collectively as "le Tout Paris." Nor was M. Steinhell's company missed. Characterless, colorless, a mediocrity, a weakling; he had nothing in common with his vivacious and brilliant wife. He had promised at Beaucourt to make her "infinitely happy"—but it was not in him to do so. After the birth of a daughter—Mlle. Marthe Steinhell—the estrangement developed into so total a rupture that, although living under the same roof, M. and Mme. Steinhell discussed all "important matters" by letter; and the correspondence was carried from room to room by Mariette Wolff, the brown-faced, wizened, and sinister-looking old cook. But, the salon flourished; the salon increased in elegance and renown. Here was Zola. Over there were François Coppée, Bonnat, Massenet, Pierre Loti, Anatole France. Then magistrates, mondaines, "eminent" statesmen. Also (says Mme. Steinhell wittily) "unknown geniuses and famous mediocrities." To complete her triumphs, President Félix Faure became infatuated with the beautiful hostess of the Impasse Ronsin. "Flowers and invitations rained upon me from the Elysée." She entered the Presidential Palace by a side door. She was not only the mistress of the Chief of the State; she was his confidante, his counsellor. So great was her influence upon M. le Président that she was known in official circles as "the Queen of Paris." No objection was raised to her liaison by her husband.

M. Steinhell kept to his studio, where he painted pictures as colorless and characterless as himself. Alas, for the promises made at the charming, picturesque wedding in the little village of Beaucourt!

Those were the early days (1898) of the Dreyfus Affair, that was also the most anxious period of the Fashoda crisis—and Félix Faure (an ardent anti-Dreyfusard) was fiercely opposed to the Revision and eager (if he could obtain Russia's assistance) to bring France and England to war. But Russia held aloof, the campaign in favor of the Revision became more and more ardent: whence bitterness, indignation, even fury of the vainest and most pompous of French Presidents. Upon one occasion, at Havre, "the Queen of Paris" saved Félix Faure from committing an almost incredible folly. He had invited her, her sister, and a friend to take a short trip on his yacht. But no sooner had it steamed off than he led Mme. Steinhell aside and said—"There are supplies and coal on this vessel for many days. We are going to cruise for a week of so. Let those who are responsible for the present [political] state of affairs extricate themselves as best they can from the disgraceful position in which they have placed themselves—and me. When I return, I shall resign." M. le Président was "blind with anger." It took two hours to pacify him and to establish the irrefutable argument that "a President cannot disappear for a week." Still "blind with anger," Félix Faure returned to harbor and to Paris and the Elysée, here Mme. Steinhell assisted him with the compilation of his Memoirs. They took the form of a "Secret History of the Third French Republic." Everything went into those Memoirs: "the evolution of the internal and foreign policy of France; the Franco-Russian Alliance; the secret story of the Dreyfus Affair; the

schemes of the various Pretenders to the throne of France. There were details on financial problems, colonial expansion, armaments, electoral systems, Administration, the Army and the Navy." Moreover, had the memoirs been published, they would have caused "a great number of prominent people to disappear in order to escape the scorn of the whole world as well as the execration of their own people." His "secret history" terminated, Félix Faure feared for its safety. He imagined that traitors lurked in the Elysée. He even foresaw an attempt on his life. "I shall die like Carnot," he declared. He was all nerves, all fears, as the result of a dangerous drug he habitually indulged in. At his earnest and trembling request, Mme. Steinheil removed the President's Memoirs to the house in the Impasse Ron-sin. Later, he presented her with five rows of rare, incomparable pearls—which, according to Mme. Steinheil, proved to be almost as fatal as was the Diamond Necklace to Marie Antoinette. The value of the pearls was no less than £25,000. At first Mme. Steinheil refused to accept so costly a gift—but the President insisted. Two days later he summoned her in haste to the Elysée. He was pale and perturbed; restlessly he paced to and fro in the study. But let Mme. Steinheil give her own account of that extraordinary interview. Here are M. le Président's mysterious opening words—

"I am more distressed than you can imagine. Something dreadful has happened. It is about that necklace. I bought it from a friend, a man of the highest rank. I wished to help him out of a difficulty, and now I hear that, against my will, I am mixed up in a scandal which, if it were disclosed, would ruin me. I should have instantly to resign, and even to leave the country. It is a most complicated and unheard-of affair. And yet, I bought

the pearls to oblige that friend who, of course, was no more aware than myself of the sudden complications which have arisen. He has been deceived . . . and I am lost if anything leaks out. I can tell you nothing more. I have not the right to discuss this terrible affair. No one must know of it. . . . I entreat you to keep the necklace in your house. But you must not wear it or show it to anyone?"

Alarmed by this outburst, Mme. Steinheil stated her intention of immediately returning the mysterious Pearl Necklace. The President turned ghastly pale.

"Do you wish to ruin me? Must I be dragged into a scandal that may lead to calamities such as I cannot even bear to think of? I beseech you to keep the pearls. You risk absolutely nothing. The pearls are yours, but if you wish to get rid of them, sell them one by one. . . . You refuse to keep them? (The President looked me straight in the eyes. His lips were trembling and his face was distorted.) For God's sake, don't do that."

Thus, a very frantic, a very desperate Chief of the State. Yielding at last to his entreaties, Mme. Steinheil consented to keep the Pearl Necklace, but never did she wear it; it was hidden away together with the "Secret History of the Third French Republic." Stranger and stranger in his manner became Félix Faure. He looked ill—and increased the doses of his favorite drug. Suddenly, in February, 1900, he died; of "apoplexie foudroyante," the doctors said. But by now the most lurid and most delirious of the Dreyfus Days had begun: there was talk of nothing but plots, conspiracies, assassinations; and the report was freely circulated that in reality the President had been poisoned. From this point onwards, Mme. Steinheil's book becomes feverish, bewildering, and extraordinarily dramatic. We are (as M.

Clemenceau cried upon a famous occasion) "en pleine incohérence"; also—as the French journalist has it—we are "en plein drame." Certain newspapers insinuated that the "assassin" of Félix Faure was no other than Mme. Steinheil. They alluded to her as "Mme. S., wife of a painter"—and "le Tout Paris" began to fight shy of the salon in the Impasse Ronsin. No longer the confidante of a President, Mme. Steinheil ceased to be the "Queen of Paris." Strange whisperings and ironical exclamations when she entered a drawing-room. And in the Impasse Ronsin itself, all kinds of suspicious happenings. One day M. Steinheil burst into the salon, pale and trembling like the late President on the day of that amazing interview in the study of the Elysée. A man with a guttural accent—"a mysterious German"—had called on the painter and told him that he knew Mme. Steinheil had in her possession a valuable Pearl Necklace and the Memoirs of Félix Faure. Unless Mme. Steinheil gave up the Memoirs, and sold the Pearls to the "mysterious German," she would be irretrievably ruined. Let her beware; she, her husband, and her daughter were in peril. M. Steinheil—colorless, "sans volonté," timid as ever—paced the salon in a panic. The Memoirs, Mme. Steinheil refused to surrender; but the Necklace was unstrung and all but ten of the Pearls (which Mme. Steinheil hid away) were sold to the "mysterious German." No doubt money had become scarce in the Impasse Ronsin. As I have said, Mme. Steinheil was "Queen of Paris" no longer. She had lovers, intrigues—but (as the Presiding Judge in the Assize Court admitted) she never was mercenary, never "une femme à l'argent." I fancy they must have been somewhat sordid days, after the death of the President up to the night of the double murder nine years later, in that house in the tranquil and

secluded Impasse Ronsin. Young Rémy Couillard, the valet, and Mariette Wolff, the old, wizened and sinister-faced cook, did the work of the house. (It transpired at the trial that the table-cloths showed holes, and that to cover them up, old Mariette Wolff sprinkled the holes over with violets "at a penny a bunch.") No more grand dinners, balls, and garden-parties at the Elysée, where Mme. Steinheil used to shine as brilliantly as did Becky Sharp at the Marquis of Steyne's. Her present intrigues must have appeared vulgar and tawdry, after the liaison with President Faure. Tears, utter weariness, despair, very often—I expect—when Mme. Steinheil was alone in the salon with her memories. And then, that "mysterious German" was for ever calling, and predicting disaster and ruin if the Presidential documents were not given up. Only once did Mme. Steinheil set eyes upon this visitor—a greasy, coarse, repulsive-looking fellow. But he was always in and out of M. Steinheil's studio; and Mme. Steinheil suspected her weak, colorless husband of having dubious, unworthy dealings with him. It may be argued that the "mysterious German" (as pictured in these Memoirs) was indeed very mysterious; so lurid and elusive, with his threats and his stealthy comings and goings, as to appear an impossible, a purely mythical being. But remember, those were the wild, delirious days of the Dreyfus Affair. "Velled Ladies" were about. Mysterious telegrams were in circulation. Ministries were falling. Arrests were being made. "Life is a nightmare," cried the bourgeois. "Anything and everything, so long as it is sinister, may happen." A prophet, that bourgeois. But his prophecy took a long time to materialize. It was not until the night of the 30th May, 1908, that the house in the Impasse Ronsin was the scene of the double murder of Mme. Steinheil's hus-

band and of her mother, Mme. Japy. Found strangled! Mme. Steinhell herself discovered gagged and bound down to her bed. Money and jewels vanished. The police on the premises. Consternation and panic of "le Tout Paris." Excitement and zest of the petite bourgeoisie. And the once-tranquil, once-secluded Impasse Ronsin the most notorious, the most hectic and lurid corner in the whole of the Amazing City.

It is unnecessary to describe in detail what the French journalists termed "the Night of the Crime": the ghastly story was published in nearly every newspaper in the universe. Suffice it to say that here in her Memoirs, just as she stated in the Paris Assize Court, Mme. Steinhell declares that shortly before midnight she was awakened by a singular noise. She started up and beheld—three men in black robes and a red-haired woman (also in black robes) standing by her bedside, with lanterns in their hands. . . . "Meg, Meg," cried the frail voice of Mme. Steinhell's old mother, from the next room. . . . "Where are the jewels and money?" demanded one of the men in the black robes. Faintly Mme. Steinhell told where they were. Then she was gagged, bound down to her bed, and, whilst still struggling, lost consciousness. Morning—and M. Steinhell and Mme. Japy found strangled! Morning: and Mme. Steinhell herself almost dead! Morning—and the former "Queen of Paris" closely questioned by the Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department. Why did she not tell him the whole truth? Why did she not relate (as she relates now for the first time) that one of those men in the lugubrious black robes hoarsely demanded, "Where are the Documents and the remaining Pearls of President Faure?" Why did she not tell that those remaining ten Pearls (hidden away in her desk) had been stolen by

the black-robed assassins, as well as the "supposed" Memoirs of the late Chief of the State? ("Supposed," because Mme. Steinhell, fearing for the safety of those precious documents, had made up a "dummy" parcel of papers and marked the parcel "To be burnt after my death." It was this "dummy" parcel which the assassins, mistaking for the real "Secret History of the Third French Republic," bore off together with the ten Pearls.) To-day, Mme. Steinhell explains this strange reticence. She mentioned neither the Presidential Memoirs nor the Necklace to the police, out of maternal love for her young daughter. For, Mdle. Marthe Steinhell was ignorant of her mother's liaison with the late President. Nor was she cognizant of the more recent and less elegant intrigues. In a word, young and charming Mdle. Marthe Steinhell (of the same age, and as happy and as radiant, as her mother when the latter was married amidst ribbons, garlands of flowers, and turtle-doves in the simple old village of Beaucourt), Mdle. Steinhell—knew nothing. Like her mother at the same age, she was a fiancé. But unlike her mother, her betrothed was all and all to her. She was passionately in love.

"There was Marthe, my only child, my beloved daughter!" writes Mme. Steinhell. "She was engaged to Pierre Bulsson. If I mentioned the Pearls and the Documents, the truth about my (friendship) with the late President Félix Faure was sure to be discovered and disclosed, not only to my friends who had taken my part, but even to my own child and to her betrothed."

The Pearl Necklace, the "Secret History of the Third French Republic," the three men and the red-headed woman in the lugubrious black robes, that greasy "mysterious German," Mme. Steinhell's insinuation that the Impasse Ronsin double murder was a *political crime*—how fantastic all that

may appear to the logician or cynic! But has not Mme. Steinhell told us of Félix Faure's extraordinary agitation over those Pearls, has she not assured us that the publication of those Memoirs would have caused "a great number of prominent people to disappear in order to escape the scorn of the whole world as well as the execration of their own people?" And let us remember that we are in France, the country of extraordinary happenings. For my part, I accept the theory of a "political" crime as quite probable. After Lemercler-Picard, the Spy, had been found hanging from the ceiling of his cell; after Colonel Henry had been discovered in another cell with his throat cut from ear to ear; gallant Colonel Picquart—perhaps the most heroic figure in the Dreyfus Affair—deemed it necessary, ere being despatched to a military prison in his own turn, to make in open court the following significant statement: "This evening I shall be in the Cherche-Midi prison, and this perhaps is the last opportunity I shall have of speaking in public. If there is found in my cell the rope of Lemercler-Picard or the razor of Henry, then I shall have been assassinated." . . . After her chapter on "The Night of the Crime," Mme. Steinhell's narrative increases in dizziness. The Yellow Journalists of Paris swooped down upon the house in the Impasse Ronsin; climbed over the walls, clambered through the windows, in order to extort "impressions" from the widow. They invaded the kitchen of old Mariette the cook. They crept up the staircase. They assured the former "Queen of Paris" that they were her very best friends: that, through their efforts, the assassins of her husband and mother would not fail to be captured; but when she placed herself in their hands, they bullied, terrorized, and betrayed her. There are no darker, no more despicable incidents in the history of modern Yellow Jour-

nalism than the rôles played by the *Matin* and the *Echo de Paris* throughout the Steinhell Affair. To the notorious M. Alfred Edwardes, founder of the *Matin* and a cynic of cynics, is attributed the following *mot*—"Me dead, Paris would be healthier." Not so candid, but just as cynical and unscrupulous, is M. Edwardes' successor—the equally notorious M. Bunau-Varilla. He sent one of his reporters to fetch Mme. Steinhell to the offices of the *Matin*. He received her in what she ironically terms "the Throne Room." "At the further end of a seemingly endless table, stood a white-haired man, white-bearded, in evening dress (it was 5 p.m.), erect, solemn, gloomy—but not awe inspiring. There was something in his attitude that reminded me of the 'Statue of the Commander' in Molière's 'Don Juan.'" After a prolonged silence, thus spoke the mighty Bunau-Varilla:

"The *Matin* is entirely at your disposal. As you are no doubt aware, I am the master of public opinion. I change it as I please, I play with it. Ministers must bow their heads before me. I end Cabinets as easily as I make them. But I wish to tell you that I know a great deal about you and your past life—more, indeed, than you suppose—and I must tell you at once quite frankly that if you wish to find in me a real defender, I shall expect greater frankness from you, fuller details—even confessions—about all you know that might help us to trace the murderers."

So, behold Mme. Steinhell in the toils of the Yellow Paris Press—the Yellowest in the world, yes—Yellower even than the Yellowest rag in America. Its most despicable representatives (MM. Labryère, Barby, and Marcel Hutin) bullied and threatened the former "Queen of Paris" when they invaded her once fashionable salon. They cried, "Nobody believes in your story

of the red-headed woman and the men in the black robes—you must 'find' something better." They vowed all Paris was against her. They declared that a hostile mob was surrounding the house, eager to tear her to pieces. They stormed, "We shall not leave the room until you have told us something new." And, light-headed, maddened, Mme. Steinhell made false accusations against the valet Rémy Couillard, against Alexandre Wolff (son of the wizened old cook), against the Comte de Balincourt, a dissolute, declassé nobleman. The two former were arrested. Then did the *Matin* and *Echo de Paris* Yellow Journalists force the confession out of Mme. Steinhell that she had falsely accused Alexandre Wolff and Rémy Couillard. "I fell on the floor, I besought them to go; they seized me by the wrists and shouted, 'Confess, confess.' " It was splendidly lurid copy the Yellow Journalists obtained, but it proved fatal to Mme. Steinhell, whom the intruders had promised to assist and protect. She was arrested. She was taken to the damp and fetid St. Lazare prison for women. She was placed in a verminous and villainous cell. "The Queen of Paris"—the late President Félix Faure's mistress, confidante, and counsellor—became Number 16,170.

Then, day after day, she underwent the ordeal of the "instruction" of the examining-magistrate. He was coarse, offensive, brutal; as most examining-magistrates are. Their avowed, official methods resemble those of the "Third Degree" system in America. They accuse, they bully, they storm, they put their victims on the rack: and Mme. Steinhell's particular examining-magistrate—M. André—is, notoriously, the most barbarous of his kind. The "instruction" at last concluded, M. André drew up his report: a dossier of 15,000 pages, of two million words. On studying the dossier in her prison cell,

Mme. Steinhell discovered that many of her replies had been distorted; and that numbers of the ornaments of "le Tout Paris" who in former days had flattered and embraced her (and who had been summoned to appear before M. André) had scorned her, repudiated her when questioned in the examining-magistrate's private room. Nor—whilst Number 16,170 wept and despaired in her cell—was the Yellow Press inactive. The ex-"Queen of Paris" was now the "Tragic Widow" and the "Red Widow." She had confessed that she herself had strangled her husband and her mother! Blurred, "faked" photographs of Mme. Steinhell in her prison dress, in her cell, whilst taking exercise in the "yard," whilst hastily stepping into the "Black Maria" en route to M. André's "instruction," appeared in those Yellow sheets; side by side with them, as a stinging contrast, were portraits of the "Queen of Paris" in tea-gowns, "tailor-mades," furs, radiant hats, exquisite ball-dresses; below these pictorial cruelties ran the words, "Grandeur et Décadence!" But, the Religious Sisters and the Governor of the prison were kind; and Maître Aubin, Mme. Steinhell's counsel, was devoted. "You will be acquitted in triumph, with honors," he cried. "But, never a word about the Pearl Necklace and Félix Faure's Memoirs." In Maître Aubin's opinion, it was necessary to "bury" the past so far as the Elysée was concerned. A scandal, involving even a late President of the Republic, was not to be thought of. No; not a word about the Pearls, or about the "Secret History of the Third Republic." Many things were hushed up in the Affaire Dreyfus. So let other things be suppressed in the Steinhell Affaire. "Don't worry. You will be acquitted with honors," reiterated Maître Aubin.

A whole year in the St. Lazare prison, and then eleven days in the

dock of the dim, oak-panelled Court of Assizes. I need do no more than present a pen-portrait of the former "Queen of Paris"—now the "Tragic" and the "Red Widow," now also (in the words of white-headed, hoarse-voiced, savage old Henri Rochefort) "the Black Panther"—when she appeared before her judges. Never even in Paris (where a widow's weeds are perhaps excessively lugubrious) have I seen profounder mourning: heavy crape bands around the accused woman's black dress, stiff crape bows in the widow's cap, a deep crape border to the handkerchief which she clenched, tightly, convulsively, in her black-gloved hand. Then, under her eyes, dark, dark shadows—which turned a dull green as the trial grimly wore on. Her face, deadly pale—but for the hectic spot burning fiercely in either cheek. Her eyes, blue. Her hair, dark brown. Her nose, small and delicate; her mouth, sensitive, tremulous, eloquent. Her only coquetterie, the low, square-cut opening at the neck of her dress.

But Mme. Steinhell's sufferings in the stifling Assize Court can only be appreciated after a perusal of her Memoirs. At eleven o'clock on the night of November the 13th, 1909, the jury retired. It was one o'clock in the morning before they returned. During that interlude, Mme. Steinhell remained in the guard's room.

"A quarter to one. . . . One o'clock. . . . A quarter past one. Now I feel it. Something is going to happen. . . . The bell rings twice. . . . I hear someone cry 'Hoo,' and
The Fortnightly Review.

then I hear the most terrible, the most awe-inspiring, the most maddening storm I ever have heard. . . . I realized afterwards that what I heard at that unforgettable moment were the screams of enthusiasm and the frantic applause of hundreds of people who had heard the verdict: I was acquitted. . . . But I did not know. How could I understand anything! . . . Guards rushed to me and carried me into Court. The light dazzled me, and the storm rose again, more overwhelming than before. I vaguely saw hundreds of hands raised towards me. I heard hundreds of shouts of 'Bravo—Bravo—Acquitted—Acquitted!' . . . Still, I didn't understand. I took those cries for threats, and believed all those hands wanted to seize me, to tear me to pieces. . . . And then I looked at the jury, and among their faces I saw one smiling, and at last I understood, and fell back."

But, even with her triumphant acquittal, Mme. Steinhell's martyrdom did not come to an end. Her daughter's mind had been poisoned against her. Her "beloved," her "darling" Marthe had allowed herself to be hurried off into the country. It was not until recently that her child, married happily to a talented young painter, was restored to her. And to-day Mme. Marguerite Steinhell, her daughter, and her son-in-law live together in a house that overlooks an English meadow, "so fresh and so green." And the daughter—knows everything. And the daughter has pardoned—all.

John F. Macdonald.

THE STORY OF LIFE.*

The story of evolution is the world's great fairy-tale. As with all good fairy-tales, we know it to be true—as true as true; not merely by the faith of little children, but because the whole of it is practically as demonstrable as the multiplication table. It deals with facts of the severest kind. But the basis of it is magic. Only magicians and fairies know how to change one beast into another or to make princes out of frogs; but this is what evolution is made up of. In the 150 million years or so of which we can speak with some assurance (not to mention the other millions, which we may guess at as we please, in the dim Foundational Ages) whole millions of sorts of creatures have been changed into millions of other sorts; and not of each sort a single creature, but all again in their millions and millions. Never surely was such fairy-work! The change, of course, is not made all at once; but when the Fairy waves its wand and says, "I will make this lizard-thing into a snake," the wand moves so slowly that the arc which it describes will span whole millions of years. And this almost unthinkable deliberateness of the ordinary evolutionary process is a thing which many otherwise excellent men of science appear persistently to underrate. Because they cut off mice's tails for a few years and young mice still decline to be born tailless, they seem to think that they have proved that "acquired" characters cannot be inherited. But it probably took ten million years for early Triassic lizard-

things to shed their legs and be snakes in the Eocene. And though some four more millions of years have passed since then, there are snakes to-day which still keep useless remnants of hind limbs from the lizard days.

The Fairy which plays the largest part in the wonderful drama we know to-day as Natural Selection. It has been given other names and will doubtless have others yet; as certainly it does not now do all the work itself, nor does any one suppose that it does. And this again is a fact which is too often ignored; for few of those who, just to be in the fashion, join so eagerly nowadays in the hue-and-cry against what is known as Darwinism, seem to remember that in his lifetime Darwin could write:—

As my conclusions have lately been much misrepresented, and it has been stated that I attribute the modification of species exclusively to natural selection, I may be permitted to remark that in the first edition of this work, and subsequently, I placed in a most conspicuous position—namely, at the close of the Introduction—the following words:—"I am convinced that natural selection has been the main but not the exclusive means of modification." This has been of no avail. Great is the power of steady misrepresentation; but the history of science shows that fortunately this power does not long endure.

Darwin was speaking here especially of the origin of those "variations which seem to us in our ignorance to arise spontaneously." But the whole passage is quoted by Professor Dendy, where some of our newest teachers can read it and feel humble.

Humility indeed is a quality of which there is still abundant need in presence of this story, the essential magic of

* *Outlines of Evolutionary Biology.* By Arthur Dendy, D.Sc. (Constable, 12s. 6d. net.)
Evolution in the Past. By Henry K. Knipe, F.L.S. With illustrations by Alice B. Woodward and Ernest Bucknall. (Herbert and Daniel, 12s. 6d. net.)
Reptiles, Amphibia, Fishes, and Lower Chordata. By Richard Lydekker, J. T. Cunningham, G. A. Boulenger, D.Sc., J. Arthur Thomson. Edited by J. T. Cunningham. Methuen, 10s. 6d. net.)

which is so elusively beyond our reach. On a survey of the progress which biological science has made in the last few decades, one is at a loss to know which is more to be wondered at, the almost incredible addition to our knowledge or the immensity of our residual ignorance. After all the splendid results which have been achieved in the realms of chemistry, of physics, of palæontology, the things that we do not know are still the fundamental things. The gaps in our knowledge are impressively significant. We can analyze the single unit cell and postulate in it the existence of biophors or other smaller units, and guess again that even these are made of units minuter still, but what it is that differentiates the cell from all the inorganic matter around it remains as mysterious as ever. We can watch the amoeba move, see it nourish itself, and study its reactions (which, perhaps, only pride forbids us to call "intelligent"), but by what virtue the tiny mass of protoplasmic jelly performs all the essential functions of a living organism we can make no conjecture; and after all our pretty demonstrations with oil foam and chloride of lime in colloid solutions, though we imitate never so closely the movements and even the growth of a living thing, we can no more create one centre of life where no centre was before, than they could who lived in days before the microscope was invented.

As the record unfolds before us, the living world divides into the two great kingdoms of animal and vegetable; but there are organisms of which we cannot say whether they are animal or plant, and the alchemy of the chlorophyll, by which the whole vegetable world draws its nourishment from the sun, defies our chemistry. It is written plainly that all vertebrate things had their beginning in some primitive fish-like creature of the Silurian or

thereabouts; but there is no word to tell us by what process the earliest rudiment of backbone developed in the first shark or hag-fish or lamprey. From the fishes came the amphibia. The evidence is complete; and a frog to-day in its tadpole stage is physiologically a fish, and a reptile when grown up. But there is no hint how fishes' fins began to grow to be the pentadactyl limbs on which the proto-newts and arch-salamanders crawled out of the carboniferous swamps on to the land. The Fairy said: "Let the fish become a frog," and, in long course of ages, a frog it was. And out of the amphibia came the reptiles, and from the reptiles birds; though biologists are still quarrelling over the particular kind of reptile from which birds sprang, whether they were dinosaurs or some other; while we have no notion how such truly fairy things as feathers ever came to grow. All that we do know is that the earliest birds of which the record lives had still a reptile's tail and teeth, but its feathers were complete. And while in one direction reptiles were being metamorphosed into birds, other reptiles were developing into mammals (or perhaps had already done so), but what reptiles they were or by what process the circulatory system became modified and the mammalian glands developed, is left in darkness.

So at each crucial stage there is something vital that escapes us, as in a conjuring trick. We know the handkerchief was in the hat and now it is not; but the movement by which the thing was done is lost: lost, not as in a human conjuring trick, by mere deceiving of the eye or sleight of hand, but because the Conjuror works with a power which we cannot translate into terms of human knowledge. At the root and source of all lies something—a force, an energy, a radio-activity, a Will—of which no explanation—no guess, even, at its essence—is supplied

by chemistry or physics or any of our "ologies," except it be theology itself. It is, indeed, magic.

Out of darkness came the hands
That reach through nature, moulding
men.

According to our temperaments, some of us must believe that the darkness shall remain because it is so Willed; some that the great last secret will still be unfolded in the laboratory. "Life," wrote Herbert Spencer, after spending almost infinite pains on the definition, is "the continual adjustment of internal relations to external relations"; which is merely a confession that, however much we may know of what a living organism does, we know nothing of what it is. Nor has any more recent writer improved on the definition. It is as true as it was when Huxley wrote it that "of the causes which have led to the origination of living matter we know absolutely nothing."

The 130 million years (to take what is supposed to be a *minimum* estimate) which have elapsed since the beginning of the Cambrian period, is so considerable a stretch of time that it is not easy to include it in a glance; and Mr. Knipe in his book goes, perhaps, as far as it is practicable to go in a single volume, to give us—

a bird's-eye view of all th' ungracious
past.

The attempt to trace the growth of all living things, by families, through each successive period from the Cambrian to the present day, would, perhaps, not be especially formidable if evolution had followed a single line. But life started to radiate in many directions, if not from the beginning, at least from a date earlier than any of which we have records. And each branch that was thrown out forked and forked again, and of all the myriad ramifications, some ended almost as soon as they began, others pushed their way for some

considerable distance before breaking off and disappearing, while others went on to culminate in highly-specialized creatures from which, being still in the process of evolution, others more specialized may yet develop in the future, but which are far removed from what we consider that main limb of which the last fruitage is man. Since Herbert Spencer's days science has protested against the popular conception of evolution as if it ran in what he called a "linear series." There are to-day, Mr. Cunningham tells us, some 12,000 species of fishes; all of which are still subjected to the influences of environment and to the struggle for existence. It is scientifically conceivable that out of one of these there might arise a departure as significant as was the formation of the first backbone, and that, untold ages hence, a creature might arise more fit to survive than man himself, a creature equipped for rapid locomotion, possessed of some devastating electrical or radio-active energy, and with intelligence to use it for the destruction of the human race. Humanity would then be but one more of evolution's "failures," one more species which had failed to prove its fitness to survive, one more broken branch on the great tree. Many animals have become extinct within the memory of living men. Of many others—the giraffe, the Polar bear, the white rhinoceros—the end is rapidly approaching. It is doubtful if any of the great carnivores, once lords of all the land, can survive for many generations. And through all the millions of years this process has been going on, the infinite variability of matter (we do not wish to be controversial) producing an endless number of abortive, or more or less short-lived, modifications of every kind of creature, for every one which was destined, as it were, to carry through, in anything like a straight line, to the present day.

The general view which it gives of this seemingly futile prodigality of nature is perhaps the most valuable feature of Mr. Knipe's book, the manner of which hardly does it justice. The author uses, as far as may be in dealing with a subject so highly technical, "non-technical language," and, as so often happens with books which deal "popularly" with scientific topics, that language has a trick of degenerating into a jocularly which is not worthy of the really thorough character of the book. Immense pains have evidently been taken to make the record accurate, and the illustrations, chiefly by Miss Alice Woodward, are excellent. A high standard has already been set in this particular class of illustration by Mr. Charles H. Knight in his drawings made to accompany the writings of Professor Osborn and other American naturalists. Adaptations, or partial reproductions, of some of Mr. Knight's drawings have already been used in England in Sir E. Ray Lankester's "Extinct Animals." One may hesitate to say that any of Miss Woodward's work is quite as good as that of Mr. Knight at his best, but it is very good; and, taken as a whole, the illustrations in this volume form the best series of studies of prehistoric life which, allowing some imaginative latitude, has yet been given to the public.

The volume, "Reptiles, Amphibia, and Fishes," under the editorship of Mr. J. T. Cunningham, is an instalment of the "Evolutionary Natural History" of which Mr. Pycraft is the general editor. Mr. Pycraft's volume on Birds in the same history will be familiar to many readers. Here we have, as it were, individual incidents in the same fairy-tale—links in the chain of evolution—presented in isolated, but interlocking, chapters, with a superstructure, on the evolutionary foundation, of what is more popularly known as "natural history," in descrip-

tions of still existing species. In the several sections there are interesting chapters on the Distribution, Modes of Reproduction, Adaptation, and Senses and Sense Organs of the creatures under consideration, and in view of the reputations of the contributors it is unnecessary to say that the work is of a high order. In Mr. Pycraft's Preface, however, he says that in this volume:—

... for the first time in the annals of natural history, the complete life story of the reptiles, amphibia, and fishes, and those primitive creatures which lie at the foundations, so to speak, of the great house of the vertebrates, is told as only specialists can tell it.

It would be interesting to hear the opinions on this statement of the editors of the Cambridge Natural History with its two magnificent volumes in this same field by Messrs. Gadow, Herdman, Harmer, Bridge, and Boulenger. It is, of course, well known that Dr. Gadow's conclusions on some subjects are not universally accepted; and this is made sufficiently plain in the present volume by Mr. Lydekker, Mr. Cunningham, and Mr. Boulenger. But it would hardly seem as if either Dr. Gadow or any of his collaborators on the Cambridge Natural History was fairly to be excluded from the ranks of "specialists."

As for Professor Dendy's book, "Outlines of Evolutionary Biology," it may be doubted whether in the present state of our knowledge a much better book for its purpose could be written to cover the same field. It would be easy, of course, to make suggestions of things omitted which might with advantage have been said, but no volume can tell everything on so large a subject, and Professor Dendy writes with a good grasp of his subject and excellent sense of proportion. He is moreover lucid and easy to follow, while the illustra-

tions are well chosen to help the reader over difficult places without being so numerous as to obstruct his path. On disputed points Professor Dendy is plainly devoid of sympathy with the dogmatism in which the zeal of some of our present day discoverers too often finds voice. The subject of the inheritance of "acquired" characters has already been touched upon, and to many onlookers who have not been active participants in the controversy which has raged around the subject it has doubtless seemed that the sweeping insistence of Weismann and his followers on the universal negative proposition that it is impossible that a character or influence can be communicated from the body (somatic cells) to the germ (blastogenic cells) is both unwise and unscientific. We may all agree that transmission must come hereditarily from germ-cell to germ-cell. The effect of an external injury to, or modification of, the body (the cutting off of mice's tails suffices to explain what is meant) is, at least, unlikely to be capable of transmission direct to the germ cell of the succeeding generation. But to say that in course of endless generations the continued repetition of the same modification of the body by "acquisition" may not ultimately communicate an influence to the germ cell within the same organism, thence to be passed on to another germ cell, is, in face of the evidence, a dangerously large assertion. "Impossibility" in dealing with a subject wherein magic is at work is a perilous word in any event. We may not be able to see how such an influence can be transmitted from body cell to germ; but there are many things which we cannot see, and, as Professor Dendy says, "the assumption of any definite paths for such transmission seems . . . altogether superfluous." He refers to the recent enlargements of our knowledge of the transmission of vibrations

by wireless telegraphy and by the Röntgen rays, and says:—

In view of these facts it seems absurd to deny that the living cells of the soma, in which doubtless complex vibrations, possibly comparable to those which are responsible for the phenomena of light and electricity, are constantly going on, may conceivably influence the germ cells without our being able to demonstrate the existence of material connections by which the necessary stimuli might be transmitted.

We imagine that Professor Dendy would be less anxious to insist on the exactness of his analogy than he is desirous of protesting against the dogmatic assertion of impossibility on the other side. At the same time it may be remarked that the possible physiological bearings of recent discoveries in radio-activity and the transmission of force by other than the well-recognized channels is a subject which has as yet not received much attention; and it is permissible to wonder whether it may not be that therein the explanation will be found of many at present perplexing phenomena, as those connected with the reactions of organisms which have no orthodox nervous system as well as, when studied in conjunction with the recent advances in our knowledge of photography, such matters as coloration in harmony with (or reflection of) environment. But such speculation is outside our, or Professor Dendy's, present province.

On the whole question of the bearing of the results of Mendelian investigations he has no sympathy with those who see in them the necessary refutation of the theory of natural selection:—

We have to ask ourselves, how do new unit characters arise in the first instance? It seems at least as probable that they arise by the gradual accumulation of slight fluctuating variations under the control of natural selection as that they originate in any other

way that can be suggested in the present state of our knowledge.

"Those variations which seem to us, in our ignorance, to arise spontaneously" Darwin called those changes which are now generally known as mutations. It would be a curious revenge for Darwinism if science should decide that "spontaneous" was the best and proper name for the changes which come from a unit-factor in the germ as opposed to those which are induced as a result of external conditions. Many writers now so use it, and science might do worse. Meanwhile it seems premature to speak of anything which has been developed out of Mendel's discoveries as destructive of anything essential in the theory of natural selection as Darwin left it, until "in our ignorance" we can demonstrate that unit characters invariably, or even commonly, arise in some other way than from accumulation, as it were, of ordinary variations which in process of time have become able to influence the germ cell so as to become fixed. Darwin's recognition of the co-operation of some other force, or forces, with natural selection has already been quoted. Professor Dendy extends the scope of this recognition:—

We have to go much deeper than the idea of natural selection before we can reach a satisfactory working hypothesis as to the manner in which organic evolution has taken place. . . .

The theory of natural selection, combined with that of the gradual inheritance of the effects of use and disuse and of other modifications brought about by the long-continued influence of the environment, affords a satisfactory explanation of the evolution of adaptive characters.

But many characters are so minute that it is difficult to regard them as adaptive, and these include the greater proportion of those variations which we commonly call "specific":—

The characters by which we are ac-
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customed to separate one species from another—such as minute differences in size, shape, and color—are so slight that we are hardly justified in attributing to them any adaptive value. They may, however, form the starting points from which, under the influence of natural selection, and use and disuse, adaptive characters may subsequently arise. . . .

To say that acquired characters cannot be inherited because we cannot see them being inherited in our own brief lifetimes is like saying that a glacier does not move because we do not see or feel it moving as we walk over it. . . .

Above all we must avoid dogmatizing on an insufficient basis of fact. . . . A rational conservatism, with a mind always open to conviction, seems the only safe attitude to adopt.

On all points now in controversy, Professor Dendy adopts the same attitude of tolerant scepticism until a case is proven, with, however, the curious exception of that of the so-called protective mimicry in butterflies, which he seems over-ready to accept on the present evidence.

While, however, the clamor of controversy goes on on many points, some trivial and some of large importance, and while the essential magic of life remains beyond our grasp, our knowledge, to the extent that it goes, is so far assured that what, perhaps, most impresses, in the reading together of such a group of books as these now under notice, is their practically complete agreement. All alike recognize the same limitations of our present knowledge, that there are definite gaps and uncertainties and that certain subjects are still matter for argument. Yet there is nothing to be carried away from any one which will be found contradicted in either of the others; which is no small tribute to the care and knowledge of each of the writers, as well as to the exactness of modern scientific methods.

THE SIN OF CONN MOR.

Raheenallill village lies in a hollow of Monaseskin bog—the one sign of humanity in all that far-stretching, treeless brown land. Few things come to Raheenallill except the gray Atlantic storms and the cloud shadows which sail up slowly from a dim and distant blue horizon. Few people visit the place; fewer still leave it, except by way of the willow-fringed churchyard on Duneskin. In essentials it is the same to-day as it was when Roderic O'Connor reigned, as it has been all through the intervening centuries, as it was on that October evening in the year 1818, when Conn Mór Macnamara came home there, driving his truant black goat, and all unconscious of the tragedy that awaited him.

He was a big dark-haired, gray-eyed young man, Celt from the top of his narrow black head to the ends of his pampootie-shod feet: a man as like those lineal ancestors of his, who fourteen weary centuries before had crossed Mona Seskin bog under the banner of King Dathi, as one turf sod is like another.

Had fate sent him into the world forty years earlier one of the Irish Continental brigades would have been his inevitable destiny, but, as it was, he filled a nondescript post up at the Big House, shooting and fishing with his honor, The Macnamara, on the rare occasions that that gentleman graced his property, and doing odd jobs at other times.

The wife selected for Conn by his grandmother, on the sound financial basis so common amongst the Irish peasantry, had, to his decided annoyance, died five years before—a lamentable lapse on her part, only partly atoned for by the fact that she had left behind her the much desired young son.

Big Conn was thinking of little

Conn, to whom, after the fashion of his race, he was entirely devoted, as he drove the goat home that evening. From time to time he would look ahead at the silver ring of willows which sheltered Raheenallill, in the hope of seeing the flutter of a little bawneen and the twinkle of bare legs running to meet him.

He was close to the gray, wind-bent stems before he realized that there was anything unusual afoot, and even when he saw that half the village were out on the chocolate-colored track between the cabins he had no suspicion, though some of the younger women were in tears.

"That the Lord may have pity on him, the crathure!" wailed old Peggy Macnamara, his grandmother, voicing the general sentiment.

"God save yez all," said Conn, still unlightened. "I'm after getting the baste back beyant the black lough. 'Tis she's the rogue! Bid little Conn come out here the way he'd see her, an' him cryin' the whole night after her."

Into the sudden silence that followed his words came a sound of weeping from the cabin which Conn shared with his married sister, Mary Mahony, her husband, their family, and two grandparents. He glanced hastily at the ring of faces peering at him through the dusk, and went forward without further question to the open door.

The kitchen was full to overflowing. A dozen cloaked heads were turned as the young man stooped under the lintel. He stood still for a second, staring about him.

On a table in the middle of the room lay little Conn, straight and still. Two rush-lights on wooden holders burnt near his head, two more near his feet; on his chest was a plate of salt.

"What ails little Conn? What's on yez all?" asked the father after a moment's bewildered silence.

"'Tis what he fell in the bog-hole!" sobbed Mary Mahony, and with that the wallings stilled by big Conn's entrance broke forth again.

"Shure, he can't understand, the poor fella!" said old Peggy Macnamara, hobbling through the crowd to her grandson. "Conn avick——"

But Conn shook off her hand.

"Ah! God help any poor man that 'ud be trustin' to the likes of yez," he cried harshly, striding up to the table. "'Tis a wonder ye wouldn't have more sinse than to be lavin' the gossoon wid ne'er a stitch on him only his little bawneen, an' he afther fallin' in the water."

He snatched up the child, upsetting rush-lights and salt, and elbowed his way fiercely to the hearth, where sat his brother-in-law, Thady Mahony, vainly endeavoring to console his own small son, Dermot.

"'Tis stone cold he is, the crathure!" continued Conn, holding the dead child close to the turf-sods. "Did yez thry would he use a sup of milk or the like?"

Mary came and knelt beside him, sobbing out a tale of how Dermot and little Conn had gone to play above on the bog after dinner, and how Dermot had come back screaming that his cousin was in the water, and how by the time they got him out it was too late; but Conn would not listen to her.

He demanded milk fiercely, and remained for more than an hour trying to put it down little Conn's throat, trying warmth and chafing, and all the remedies which Mary had tried in vain three hours earlier.

When at last the truth forced itself upon him, he rose stiffly and laid the child back on the table. None of the neighbors had gone. They stood still huddled in groups all about the kitchen,

casting gigantic shadows on walls now reddened by the turf glow.

Four little Mahoneys sat in a heap in the box-bed, staring round-eyed at the scene. The pink light rose and fell fitfully, gleaming on Mary's spinning-wheel, on the white faces, on every detail of the small dark room.

"Was Dermot above on the bog?" asked Conn Mór at last.

"He was so," answered Thay Mahony. "Whist now, Dermot, whist now! Begob, Mary, he's apt to lose his life the way he's fretting!"

"Was anyone else there?" demanded Conn, staring dully down at the small yellow head between the rush-lights.

"I seen Heigue Roe in it!" walled Dermot. "He was there when little Conn and meself was going by, and he let a laugh out of him—so he did."

At the name a groan ran through the watchers; several people crossed themselves.

"I'm tellin' yez Heigue had the gossoon overlooked," said Peggy Macnamara suddenly. "Saint Tilll between us and harm! Heigue Roe wasn't right from the beginning! Didn't meself see him an' him not three days old, an' sez I to owld Biddy Dowd, his grandmother, 'Biddy,' sez I, 'the child does be quare like. Yez have a right to pass a lighted turf round him,' sez I, 'the way whatever 'ud be in him 'ud go out. God save us,' sez I, 'he have the look of one that was away.' (i.e., a fairy changeling.)

She paused, shaking her head.

"Heigue Roe," repeated Conn, like a man in a dream, "Heigue Roe!" He flung out his arms with a vehement oath, and then, shoving the neighbors aside, rushed out of the cottage.

The others followed more slowly, whispering together.

For years Heigue Roe had been suspected of "ill-wishing" his fellows. Certain it was that catastrophe to others afforded him a sardonic pleasure

which he made no attempt to conceal; certain, too, that misfortune followed his presence in a mysterious and sinister manner. If his shadow fell on a churn the butter invariably failed—a sure sign of some unhallowed connection with the good people—if he came near a sick beast that beast died.

A curragh that he had touched went down, a cabin in which he sought shelter from the storm was struck by lightning. A young lusty man rash enough to cut turf by his side dropped suddenly dead. And now he had looked at Dermot Mahony and little Conn—looked and laughed—and behold little Conn, who had played among the bog-holes a hundred time before, was dead.

What wonder that Conn Mór, guided by those aeon-old instincts that defy civilization, should lay the blame on Heigue's shoulders? Heigue had laughed—would laugh again doubtless—it was his way when others were in dire distress—but he should pay. As there was a God in Heaven, he should pay!

So vowed Conn fiercely as he walked with heavy steps to Heigue Roe's cabin. Had Father Tom, the old parish priest, been available he would have rushed off to him, but Father Tom was in bed in his little house near the church shivering and burning in the grip of a fever, and Conn, after a second, dismissed the idea of his help.

If he could have translated into words the thought that surged through his brain it would have been embodied in the Gaelic saying, "Revenge—revenge! To-day for revenge and to-morrow for mourning!"

He strode along, regardless of the cries of his great-uncle, Shaun Mac-Shaun, who was pursuing him at a hobble. The old man had a proposition to make, one that he felt might avert bloodshed and yet rid the village of Heigue. He was hardly a horse's length behind Conn when the latter

turned into Heigue's cabin, and so caught the first fierce words of accusal and denial.

"I never laid a hand or put e'er a bad wish on the gossoon!" cried Heigue Roe. "God knows there is no man more desolate or pairsecuted than myself in the world. Heart-scalded I am wid the whole of yez!"

"Heart-scalded ye have us—heart-scalded an' destroyed!" retorted Conn passionately. "You that does be murdering women and childer and in dread of men! You——"

Shaun's hand laid on Conn's shoulder cut the sentence short.

For a second no one spoke. The two young men, each shaken with fury, glared at one another across the lopsided table on which lay the potatoes for Heigue's supper, and the old man looked judicially from one to the other. It was he who broke the silence.

"Conn, me poor man, go home out of this," he said slowly. "There's many in it will be praying for ye to-night, so there is, for ye got great trouble, great trouble indeed! As for yourself," he added, turning to Heigue, "let yez clear yourself forinnt the whole of us, an' maybe we'll believe then ye had no hand in it! Deed, aye, clear yerself, Heigue Roe! Clear yourself forinnt the whole of us in the morn'! Many's the one done it before ye—and many's the one died that way!"

His words sobered both men like a plunge into cold water. Though Father Tom had specifically denounced and forbidden the ancient unholy ritual to which Shaun referred, it was familiar to them, both in practice and theory. Not a two-year old child in all Monaskein but had heard of the "clearing from guilt," an ordeal never known to fail—dreaded, practised, believed in since the dawn of Ireland—an ordeal crueller than any death meted by man to man.

"Deed aye, I'd be content wid that," said Conn dully. "Maybe ye'll say different though!" he added, with a fiercely resentful glance at Heigue Roe.

"Heth! 'Tis I can clear meself—an' 'tis I will!" returned Heigue, but without enthusiasm.

"Let yez do it, so," put in Shaun in a significant tone, and then taking Conn by the arm he led him out of the cabin.

Neither man spoke as they went slowly up the chocolate-colored track; over both the thought of what was coming lay like a tangible trouble.

His reverence would be angry, of course; but then his reverence, though he was the best and kindest of men, had been brought up in France, and did not quite understand.

The whole thing was, indeed, a little bit hard to understand, unless one chanced to be familiar with the innermost workings of the Gaelic mind—a knowledge for ever debarred from those who use the word "superstition." The sentiments to which that most stultifying expression is so complacently applied form the foundation of the Celt's character. Every other trait he possesses takes its being therefrom, all his talents lean thereto, and though the changes wrought by environment, education, and creed may seem for a time predominant, the hour comes in the life of every Celt—be he Scotch, Irish, Welsh, or Breton—when the aeon-old instinct rises like a flood and sweeps all before it.

II.

Morning dawned wild and misty, veiled in a gray rain-squall that swept in at intervals from the Atlantic, and shaken by fierce gusts of westerly winds. The air was full of flying rain-drops and the gold and silver of storm-driven willow leaves, when Heigue Roe stepped across his thresh-

old on the ordeal which was to prove his guilt or innocence.

There was no clamor of tongues, no whisper even, though all Raheenallill had come out to watch. Women held their children behind their skirts as he passed and signed themselves openly, and Heigue, though he looked neither to the right nor to the left, knew it.

In accordance with the age old usage of this Pagan rite, a white sheet was wrapped like a shroud about his lean body, and he carried in both hands a mouldering yellow human skull, dug up out of the churchyard the night before, to which clay still clung. The fine rain made his bare legs glisten and beaded on his red matted hair. His livid face, wet with perspiration, worked and twitched like that of a man on the rack.

In front of Conn Mòr's cabin, which was at the other end of the village from his own, he dropped on his knees, signed himself on forehead and breast, and began a muttered prayer.

Through the sheet, damp now and clinging closely, the violent quiverings of the body could be seen, and the skull jiggled grotesquely between his hands.

After a second Conn appeared on the threshold of his cottage, the color of wood ashes, and shaking visibly. In the darkness behind him seven rushlights gleamed like stars, casting a faint radiance on the small, still, white form they surrounded.

After a long minute of shivering hesitation and a glance at the silent, awed spectators who had closed up in a ring behind Heigue, Conn raised his right hand and abjured the accused man to speak the truth and only the truth—but his first words were hardly audible, and the fact was remembered against him later.

Then Heigue, still on his bare knees on the road, swore the most binding and fearful oath known to the Irish tongue—an oath so appalling in its

terms that, like the famous "Druid curse," it has never been translated into English.

He raised his eyes for a second as he said the last words and looked at Conn—and Conn's lips shook.

Heigue, with hardly a pause, and lifting the skull high so that everyone could see it, began in a grave, monotonous tone to recite the ancient unholy prayer of the "clearing." It is impossible in English to give even a rough idea of the prayer in its original impressive form—for the force and dignity of the Gaelic phrasing defy translation—and only the gist of it, bald, clumsy and inadequate, can be set down.

"I, Heigue Macnamara—called Heigue Roe—being innocent of the crime with which Conn of the same nation, called Conn Mór, has charged me, declare that in protesting my innocence I speak the truth, the absolute unalterable truth. And this I swear by my hope of mercy in the world to come. Therefore, if I now say other than the truth, the whole truth before God, may all the sins of this man long dead"—Heigue hesitated for a second, and then laid his right hand on the forehead of the skull—"may all the sins of this man long dead, and of his father's father's forefather's unto the days of Adam, be mine. May their wickedness and their iniquities, the punishments they merited and received, both in this life and in the world to come, be laid upon my soul to my eternal damnation, and may all the torments of hell which are theirs be meted unto me to the end of eternity, if I now speak other than the truth. But if he who accuses me accuses me of malice and without conviction, wishing to injure and slander, may the curse of this dead man's sin, and of the sins of his father's forefathers unto Adam, the wickedness they committed and the punishments they suffered in

this life and in the life beyond the grave be laid upon him, to the eternal damnation of his soul, and may all the torments of hell which were theirs be his, if he accuses me of malice and untruly!"

There was a heavy silence when Heigue finished. The ritual was over as far as accuser and accused were concerned. All that now remained was for them to await the verdict of the Unknown Power which they had invoked.

Rare as was the clearing from guilt—for few criminals had courage to face the ordeal—there had been cases, cases the old in Raheenallill well remembered, in which summary vengeance had fallen from heaven on the perjured man before the eyes of all his kin—a flash of lightning once, a stroke of paralysis on another occasion, lunacy on a third.

Raheenallill expected some such sign now—nay, hoped for it—for if, after a certain time, nothing happened, and Heigue rose to his feet an innocent and unjustly accused man, the curse would descend like a blight on his accuser.

As the moments passed, Heigue's agitation began palpably to subside. Conn's, on the other hand, grew and increased, as well it might, since the curse meant isolation from his kind from henceforward until the day of death—while after death—.

He thought of the oath, "the curse of the dead man's sin and of the sins of his father's forefathers unto Adam . . . be laid upon my soul to its eternal damnation."

"To its eternal damnation!" The words seemed to burn into his brain like vitriol. He had not known for certain that Heigue had done this thing. He had accused him—because he might have done it—"of malice and untruly," as the prayer said.

Blind terror fell on him as he stood

waiting, waiting for the sign of Heigue's guilt. He hardly realized what was happening, when at last, the allotted time over, Heigue rose from his knees. He got up leisurely, a sneer of triumph on his lean, sun-reddened face, and, having risen, let the skull drop almost at his accuser's feet.

"Tis Antony Cregan's—and sure ye have the bigger right to it now than me, Conn Mór," he said in a steady voice.

A shudder ran through Conn from head to foot. Antony Cregan in life, the vilest of a vile family, had died by his own hand to avoid justice at the hands of his brothers.

The crowd, still silent, parted to let Heigue pass out on his way back to his own cabin.

One or two of the women relatives of Conn were crying. On them, too, the shadow would fall. They would not be ostracized as he would, but it was not well to associate too freely with the kinsmen of one who had come under the ban.

Then, for the first time since Heigue had risen, Conn moved. He stepped forward blindly like a drunken man—hardly noticing how the people fell back before him—and turned, still in the same dazed way, towards the little hill on which stood the ruined medieval abbey that served Raheenailill as its church.

A whisper ran through the watching groups. Hands which had thatched the roofless chancel and made a door to keep stray goats out of the sanctuary of their prohibited faith, were raised in protest. Someone more resolute than his fellows strode forward.

Conn's fingers were on the latch of the church door, when they surrounded him—and though nothing was said and no one touched him, he understood.

In one blinding flash he realized that his spirit as well as his body was an outcast—a thing set apart, tainted as

by leprosy—realized that neither the companionship of man nor the right to worship God were any longer his, he who had taken on himself the curse of untold sin.

He turned from the church door with the silent frenzy of a wounded animal, pushed past the men and walked away across the mist-veiled bog—a soul cut suddenly adrift from its mooring and thrust into the horror of outer darkness.

III.

Monalachan—the Bog of Ducks—lies between the foot of Croaghdermid Mountain and the restless Atlantic. It is a place of wide, silent pools; of high white reed-brakes, that rustle in the wind with a noise like furious whisperings; of amber bog-streams sliding swift and silent under overhanging banks of chocolate-brown mould, or babbling over shelves of rock and through tasselled rush-groves.

Duck and snipe and plover abound in Monalachan. Other inhabitants, animal or human, it has none—nor ever will have.

David Macnamara had had good sport there this October afternoon, but it was not of it he was thinking as he tramped down through the narrow ravine that led to the little bay where his boat was moored.

Two days earlier he had returned somewhat unexpectedly to "The Big House" at Raheenailill—a place he seldom graced unless he found himself in financial straits—and half an hour had sufficed to show him that something was very wrong with Conn Mór—the most faithful and favored of all his faithful and favored henchmen.

He knew his countrymen well enough to realize the futility of direct questioning. Of all the traits handed down through the ages from that unknown Eastern people that has set so unmistakable a seal upon the Irish race, none

survives more strongly than secrecy. The capacity of the Irish peasant for keeping his own counsel is, like the mystery of the Orient, not to be overcome by threat, bribe, or cajolery.

Macnamara, who had hitherto enjoyed the confidence of his "nation"—after the blessed fashion now, alas, departed—found himself baffled. Nor was there anything in Raheenailill's demeanor to enlighten him. The avoidance of Conn, though general, had nothing in common with the gross modern boycott. It was intensely subtle, slightly tinged with pity, and always more mental than physical. A more coarse-fibred man than Conn might not have seen when he was given the width of the path, when the chattering girls at the well became silent at his approach, when the women grinding their querns in their doorways shivered under his passing shadow, but Conn knew only too well.

Two of the most strongly developed of the Celtic traits, love of kind and love of God, had been twisted into ropes wherewith to scourge him. In his own phraseology, he had "got great trouble"—a trouble which could not be shared with his honor.

Macnamara, who had brought Conn to the Bog of Ducks this afternoon, ostensibly to do boatman and loader, but really in the hope that the sport which he loved might melt his reserve, felt distinctly annoyed. He determined to make one more effort going back, and if that was unsuccessful to wait until Father Tom was about again.

He and Conn walked in silence, the man behind his master, past bog-holes turning to liquid gold in the sunset, and clumps of high reeds that gleamed white like ghosts against the satinsmooth olive-green water behind, but neither spoke until they turned round the head of the narrow glen that sloped to the shore. Then Conn stopped with an exclamation of dismay.

A sharp gust of wind came shrieking through the ravine, bringing to their ears the hiss and rattle of surf on pebbles.

"Hullo, the wind's got up," said Macnamara indifferently. "I daresay we shall have a roughish time of it going back."

Conn looked troubled. Their way home was by curragh—a long pull, all in the shadow of iron-gray cliffs that rose sheer to the heather-clad mountain slopes above. It had been smooth enough coming, but with a rising wind blowing dead on shore things might be very different.

"I'm thinking we have a right to wait, your honor," he said dubiously.

Macnamara's eyebrows went up. "Wait!" he repeated; "wait for what?"

Conn's lips twitched.

"Maybe it 'ud be better if we legged it back to Raheenailill, sir," he muttered, conscious that his master's keen gray eyes were scrutinizing him very sharply.

"Walk back?"

"'Deed, aye, your honor."

His honor laughed, good humoredly enough, but with a note of derision that made his hearer wince.

"Walk? Walk seventeen miles—and clean over the top of Croaghdermid at that," he retorted, with a glance up to where the great hill towered above them, lit by a long shaft of stormy sunset light that showed up every deep ravine, every emerald patch of "scragh," every gray crag on its brown sides. "Why, Conn, what's come to you? Many's the time we've been out in dirtier weather than this, man!"

Conn made no reply. He would not tell his honor that his fears were not on his own account, that he was an ill man to do with in any danger now, a harbinger of bad luck. Macnamara would only laugh.

"There's apt to be more wind in it before 'tis done than what there is now,

sir," he muttered at last, plucking at the ducks he carried and avoiding his master's eye.

"If you think so, perhaps you'd better stay here—old Morty will give you shelter for the night," answered Macnamara with a glance at Morty, an ancient purblind, ex-smuggler, who lived in a mud cabin on Monalachan, and was now waiting by the shore to wish his honor God speed.

"Yourself wouldn't be for staying, sir?"

"No."

Macnamara spoke rather contemptuously. He knew that single-handed he would have anything but a pleasant time with the curragh, and he was disappointed at Conn's loss of nerve.

"What do you think of the weather, Morty?" he added to the old man, who was by now within earshot. "Will we get round Lamdermid Point, d'you think, or is there too much wind? Conn here thinks so."

Morty lifted his dim old eyes to the sky.

"Ah! 'tis not much, your honor," he answered. "Many's the time I passed the Point in a bigger wind nor this. Conn have no call to be in dread, so he have not."

"'Tis not for myself I do be in dread at all," said Conn sharply, reflecting that old Morty in his solitude would have heard nothing of the "clearing" and therefore would not "understand" any more than Macnamara himself.

"Heth, 'twould be a pity anything 'ud happen high quality the likes of his honor," said Morty in a meditative tone; "but, indeed, I'm telling ye there's little danger on the say to-night with the trifle of wind that's in it."

"That's what I say, too," put in Macnamara. "Come along, Conn!"

"Well, whatever your honor pleases," said Conn heavily, and his tone was the tone of the Mahomedan who says "Kismet!"

He moved forward as he spoke, and flung the ducks into the curragh, which had been pulled up high on the sandy beach.

Morty bent a stiff back to kiss his chief's hand, after the custom of the day.

"That the Saints may preserve your honor," he said, "and that the journey may prosper with ye!"

"Divil a doubt but it will," answered Macnamara with a light laugh.

Fifteen minutes later, when the curragh had swung far out into the rising swell and was beginning to behave like a shuttlecock between two infuriated players, he felt rather less confident that the journey *would* "prosper"; but he did not say so. He looked back at Croughdermid and, reflecting on its slippery sheep tracks, refused to admit that the wind had strengthened ominously in the last quarter of an hour.

"We'll be all right once we round Lamdermid. Eh, Conn?" he said carelessly, to which Conn made grave reply: "Maybe, sir—but I'm thinking we'll be hard set to round it."

After that, for some time, neither man spoke.

The storm and the sea which met them once they were clear of the little bay alarmed Macnamara as much as anything could. Both seemed to be rising with such unprecedented rapidity. Indeed, he never remembered so sudden and violent an increase of wind in so short a space of time. He kept looking ahead to Lamdermid Point—a long spit of rock which jutted far into the Atlantic—and noting mentally how high the spray was flung as each successive wave rolled in and how far the creamy surf spread. A curragh can ride where a heavier boat would be swamped, but even so—well, they were taking more than even chances, and David Macnamara knew it.

Conn knew it, too. His heart was cold

within him, for the men of that coast fear drowning as they fear no other death. To be hanged after the Assizes for a crime not committed was nothing—it happened to many. To be killed in a faction fight was eminently desirable; but to drown—to go down through cold, fathomless green depths; to drift unshriven and unburied up and down an iron shore until the body fell to pieces, to wail in the winds for all eternity—this was to be dreaded. Father Tom might teach a different thing, but Conn knew what happened the spirits of the drowned—had heard their voices lamenting in blue weather and gray—was convinced of their fate with a deeper and firmer conviction than any creed teaches.

This was a punishment for his sin in accusing Helgue Roe. The consciousness lay chill on his soul like hail as he bent to the oars and felt the curragh swing up and plunge down, swing up and plunge down, every time a higher swing and a deeper plunge.

To round the point it was necessary to stand well out to sea, and long before they were opposite the place both men realized how difficult this would be.

Macnamara would have turned if it had been possible, but the risk of the curragh swamping in the process was too great.

"I'm afraid we're done, Conn," he said presently, with the calm fatalism of the Gael.

"Deed aye, sir," returned Conn in much the same tone.

The spume of a wave broke over the curragh as he spoke, beating her flat for a second. Then the wind and waves seemed to catch her simultaneously and play pitch and toss with her until, for a whole long minute, both men thought the end had come as they clung drenched and breathless to the side, hidden from one another by a creaming smother of foam. But a curragh dies

hard. The moment of suffocation passed. The skin-boat rose buoyantly skywards once more, and two pair of eyes turned instinctively towards the shore.

"Damnation!" said Macnamara, between his clenched teeth.

The curragh, entirely out of control, had been carried close in to the Point, and was now being swept along towards the rocks, broadside on, on the green curve of a huge roller.

High above them, high and sheer, towered the cliff, like a gigantic battlement, with the gulls in screaming white clouds about its gray head. To both the seconds of their swift passage to death seemed hours.

Conn lifted his right hand to cross himself, and then let it drop again. He felt that the right to make the sacred sign was no longer his, he who had taken on himself the burden of uncounted sins. He sat, crouched and silent, looking over his shoulder at the wild smother of foam that boiled white against the darkness of the rocks.

And then something seemed to catch the flying curragh and spin it round and round and fling it up against the foot of the cliff, and drop it down into a strange dark place full of sucking noises.

Macnamara was the first to recover himself. He had been prepared to be dashed to pieces, and it took him a second or two to realize that he was, instead, lying more than half drowned and in about a foot of water, but unhurt and on something solid and fairly steady. He sat up, shook himself like a dog, looked about him, and then gave a shout that penetrated even to his moldered companion's brain.

"Conn!" he cried; "Conn! Are you alive, man? We've been swept right into the Whispering Cave—by all that's wonderful!"

Conn wiped the water out of his eyes, but without elation. The miracu-

lous chance which had cast them up against and through the mouth of the cave would not save him in the end.

It was a queer place, this cave of whispers, long, very narrow, and shaped like a gothic window—and wind and water played strange tricks there which filled the place with uncanny sounds.

"How are we going to get out again, that's the question?" said Macnamara; and then, without waiting for Conn's reply, added hurriedly. "Gad! she's leaking."

Leaking the curragh certainly was. A rock had torn a hole in her side, fairly high up, and with every sway she shipped a little more water.

"We'll have to climb on to one of the ledges at the side of the cave," said The Macnamara, "though, with the storm blowing dead on shore, God alone knows what chance we have of not being washed off. See, is there a gaff at your end of her, Conn? Both the oars have gone."

Conn found the gaff in silence, and in silence pulled the curragh along the side to the head of the cave, where the rock was fretted into a series of step-like shelves.

The highest of these, on which it was possible for a man to sit, lay well above the sea floor; but, when the wash came, when the storm which was blowing dead into the cave drove tons of water inwards—what then?

Their only chance lay in the sudden veering of the wind—a common enough feature in autumnal Atlantic storms. Macnamara, always light-hearted, averred that this was certain to happen soon as he hunched himself on to a narrow ledge and watched the curragh settle down sullenly, defiant to the last.

Conn said nothing. An idea had come to him that while he remained in the cave the wind would not veer, and he was afraid to follow the thought to its logical conclusion.

For a time the two men crouched, divided and partially hidden from one another by a column of rock and yet within hands' touch. There was a good deal of light in the cave, for the cliff faced west and the level rays of a stormy sunset shone directly into it. Conn could see the golden glow through the rollers that every other minute slapped vehemently against the arched mouth. It turned the mass of water into a wall of clear pellucid jade and the hissing foam that raced in afterwards into a tide of liquid gold. Lights played mysteriously across the gray vaulted roof which reverberated with strange noises: echoes of the wind's shrill scream, of the gulp and suck of the sea, of horrible eerie whispers made by—what?

Conn knew; knew that before long his own voice would be whispering, wailing, among those other voices, crying for the release that would never come to the man who had taken upon his own soul sin beyond conception.

"This gale's getting worse—we shall be washed off, sure as death!" called Macnamara in a lull. He thought it possible that Conn did not realize this new danger and ought to be given time to prepare himself. Personally he, Macnamara, was not much alarmed about his own chances in the future world. He had subscribed to the church always, had once saved a parson from an angry mob, which ought, he felt, to be remembered to him, and, for the rest, he embraced with fervor the creed of the average Irish gentleman—the creed so neatly expressed by the French Marquise who said—"*Dieu pensera deux fois avant de damner une personne de ma qualité.*" But with Conn, of course, he felt things were different.

With Conn things were, indeed, very different. He knew that he was damned already, and as each fresh wave burst with a hollow roar against the cave's mouth and fell back in a

blinding shower of spray, he wondered if the dreaded moment was come.

For some time the idea that once the sea had claimed its own it would be satisfied—and so, being satisfied, might spare Macnamara—had been growing on him. To escape his fate was impossible, but might it not be better if he went out to meet it—if he were to slip off his ledge of rock on the next occasion that the cave became filled with foam and the green water leaped to within an inch of where they lay?

He shrank from the act in every fibre of his being. It meant to him the death of soul as well as body, from the mere thought of which the Celt finches, as he finches from nothing else. An agony that was almost physical in its intensity shook him as he lay listening to the echoes—but through it all, like the strident wail of pipes through the music of civilization, went the thought of Macnamara. The wind would veer when he, Conn, the condemned, was swept out into the darkness—and his honor might be saved.

He "had a right" to save his honor at any cost to himself—the instinct handed down through a thousand generations of clansmen, and backed by all he had learnt from sire and grandsire, made him quite clear on that point. To let his honor perish was to add a sin to that black multitude of sins that was pressing him down.

His thoughts were broken by a great, booming roller that hurled itself with a fierce hiss into the cave, waking a

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hundred strange sounds and sending a wash of green water right over the ledge where the two men sat.

Macnamara swore aloud as the chill, salt stream slapped up against his knees and sucked at his coat.

"A few more of those will finish us, Conn!" he called.

The words put the last touch to Conn's resolution. He knew the wind would not veer until he went.

Another wave roared in, throwing plumes of spray against the roof and blinding Macnamara by a shower of chill, hard-flung drops. He was too busy blinking them away to notice a sullen splash beside him, or to see something dark sweeping out through the cave's mouth in the milk-white race of retreating surf.

Later, when the wind veered—which it did somewhat suddenly—and the waves began to hiss past the Cave of Whispers, instead of beating in, he looked round the column of rock.

In after years David Macnamara, when he spoke of the incident, used to say that the thing he could least understand was how Conn—Conn, who was as active as a seal and as hardy as a sea-bird—had come to be washed off a ledge even higher and broader than the one on which he, Macnamara, had remained without difficulty. Also why in going he had made no sound—uttered no cry.

Conn's kinsmen could have enlightened him—but they did not.

Miriam Alexander.

THE DANDELION.

When I came upon Mr. Macey this morning he was in his favorite attitude. That is to say, he was bent double, and he was carving viciously with a short curved blade at the grass. Mr. Macey does me the honor to help in the work of the garden. He is made, I think, out

of an old oak-log. His rough weather-beaten face has all the honesty and much of the consistency of such a piece of timber, and his whole figure is wooden, if I may employ the term without any implication of disrespect. The greater part of his life he devotes to

the garden, but in his off moments he repairs boots and shoes with admirable skill and celerity. Give Mr. Macey a pair of wrecks which were once shoes, and a day or two afterwards he will hand them back restored to all their former soundness. I do not doubt that, if his leisure sufficed, he could produce you a new pair, his own manufacture, soles, heels and uppers complete. He is, therefore, a snob in its best sense, that is, a working shoemaker, and for a family of shoe-destroying children he is quite invaluable. He has his recognized dignity, too. Other gardeners may be Bob or Harry, but he is always addressed and referred to as Mr. Macey.

This morning, as I say, he was working on the lawn, and was carving beneath the surface of the turf at the imbedded roots of dandelions, his hereditary enemies. This year there is a tremendous crop of these gilded usurpers. They have made the green of the lawn one yellow, and from every square foot of it at least one of them flaunts his banner and shouts defiance at you. The plantain, which is also abhorred by Mr. Macey, has, at any rate, a certain natural modesty. It lays itself out as flat as a perfectly detrimental weed can well be laid, and, if it does not mitigate your murderous designs, at least it does not irritate them by superfluous ostentation. But the vulgar dandelion has no scruples of any kind. Like a tall bully it lifts its head and ruins your fair expanse of lawn. This year it is more numerous than ever before. Mr. Macey speaks darkly of last year's drought as the cause of this unexampled increase.

"Nice little lot of dandelions, Mr. Macey," said I.

"Ah, Sir, they be that," said Mr. Macey. "It's a turble sight to see 'em like this on a gentleman's lawn. I cuts 'em out all I can, but they'll come up again, never fear. If I was to uproot

'em they'd take me from now to kingdom-come, they're so deep-rooted and all; but I stops their seed anyhow."

"It'll take you a long time even to cut them out like that, won't it?"

"That it will. It'll be a mortal long job, and when I've done it it'll be to do over again. But I don't believe Oliver Cromwell, no, nor Bonyparty, could 'a' settled a lot of dandelions."

Oliver Cromwell and Bonaparte are Mr. Macey's favorite heroes and world-forces. I have never dared to question him about them, but I suspect he believes them to be still in existence. What they cannot do even Mr. Macey himself hardly aspires to accomplish.

I left Mr. Macey to his task and strolled into the house. It had occurred to me that the ferocious and recurrent dandelion might form a fit subject for verse. The former greenness and smoothness of the lawn might be described, and then would follow the hateful contrast of its present garishness under the sway of the yellow intrusion. Mr. Macey would be the hostile spirit of the grass, incessantly warring but constantly baffled by the hideous vitality of the foe. The night would descend on his labors and the dawn would still find him plying the knife and tumbling the heads of his victims into the basket. Dandelion seemed, at first sight and without close investigation, to be a promising word for rhymes. I rushed to my desk and went at it.

My lawn, upon thy smooth extent
In sober joy I came and went,
Shedding at every pace a care,
And felt thee soft and found thee fair,
The fairest that was ever seen,
And brightly, beautifully green!

That would do for a beginning. The fifth line was weakish, but it could be altered. Now for dandelion, which must, of course, be the key-word:—

I hardly think the poets Bion
And Moschus knew the dandelion.

Something of that kind might be worked in. Or, again, in the plural:—

Not one of all the many Dions
Had ever heard of dandelions.

But this might involve a description of at least two or three Dions—Dion of Syracuse and Dion Cassius, for example—and would lead one too far afield. What else was there?

Hear me with all my strength cry Fie
on
That gaudy sham the dandelion.
Punch.

That was a little nearer to reality. Then there was Zion:—

Waft me, who loathe the dandelion,
Swift to the verdant lawns of Zion.
Ye-es. No. Too irreverent.

Cry on, Guy on, Fly on, Shy on, Tie on, Try on. Ridiculous! What versewriter would dare to drag in such rhymes as these one after another?

I gave it up. The dandelion, it seems, is infamous in horticulture and perfectly useless for poetry. Not even Oliver Cromwell, no, nor Bonyparty, could manage to versify properly about it.

"THE IMPERIAL RACE."

"The public are particularly requested not to tease the Cannibals." So ran one of the many flaming notices outside the show. Other notices proclaimed the unequalled opportunity of beholding "The Dahomey Warriors of Savage South Africa; a Rare and Peculiar Race of People; all there is left of them"—as, indeed, it might well be. Another called on the public "not to fail to see the Colored Beauties of the Voluptuous Harem," no doubt also the product of Savage South Africa. But of all the gilded placards, the most alluring, to our mind, was the request not to tease the Cannibals. It suggested so appalling a result.

We do not know who the Cannibals were. Those we saw appeared to be half-caste Jamaicans, but there may have been something more savage inside, and certainly a Dahomey warrior from South Africa would have to be ferocious indeed if his fierceness was to equal his rarity. But the particular race did not matter. The really interesting thing was that the English crowd was assumed to be as far superior to the African savage as to a wild beast in a menagerie. The proportion was the same. The English crowd was expected to extend to the bar-

barians the same inquisitive patronage as to jackals and hyenas in a cage when in front of the cages it is written, "Do not irritate these animals. They bite."

The facile assumption of superiority recalled a paradoxical remark that Huxley made about thirty years ago, when that apostle of evolution suddenly scandalized progressive Liberalism by asserting that a Zulu, if not a more advanced type than a British working man, was at all events happier. "I should rather be a Zulu," said Huxley in his trenchant way, and the believers in industrialism were not pleased. By the continual practice of war, and by generations of infanticide, under which only the strongest babies survived, the Zulus had certainly at that time raised themselves to high physical excellence, traces of which still remain in spite of the degeneracy that follows foreign subjection. The present writer has known many African tribes between Dahomey and Zululand too well to idealize them into "the noble savage." He knows how rapidly they are losing both their bodily health and their native virtues under the deadly contact of European drink, clothing, disease, and exploitation. Yet, on look-

ing round upon the London crowds that were particularly requested not to tease the cannibals, his first thought was that Huxley's paradox remained true.

The crowds that swarmed the Heath were not lovely things to look at. Newspapers estimated that nearly half-a-million human beings were collected on the patch of sand that Macaulay transfigured into "Hampstead's swarthy moor." But even if we followed the safe rule and divided the estimated number by half, a quarter of a million was quite enough. "Like bugs—the more, the worse," Emerson said of city crowds, and certainly the most enthusiastic social legislator could hardly wish to make two such men or women stand where one stood before. Scarlet and yellow booths, gilded roundabouts, sword-swallowers in purple fleshings, Amazons in green plush and spangles were gay enough. Booths, roundabouts, Amazon queens, and the rest are the only chance of color the English people have, and no wonder they love them. But in themselves and in mass the crowds were drab, dingy, and black. Even "orstridges" and "pearlies," that used to break the monotony like the exchange of men's and women's hats, are thought to be declining. America may rival that dulness, but in no other country of Europe, to say nothing of the East and Africa, could so colorless a crowd be seen—a mass of people so devoid of character in costume, or of tradition and pride in ornament.

But it was not merely the absence of color and beauty in dress, or the want of national character and distinction—a plainness that would afflict even a Russian peasant from the Ukraine or a Tartar from the further Caspian. It was the uncleanness of the garments themselves that would most horrify the peoples not reckoned in the foremost files of time. A Hindu thinks it disgusting enough for a Sahib to put on

the same coat and trousers that he wore yesterday without washing them each morning in the tank, as the Hindu washes his own garment. But that the enormous majority of the Imperial race should habitually wear second, third, and fourth-hand clothes that have been sweated through by other people first, would appear to him incredible. If ever he comes to England, it does appear to him incredible. It is one of the first shocks that strike him with horror when he emerges from Charing Cross. "Can these smudgy, dirty, evil-smelling creatures compose the dominant race?" is the thought of even the most "loyal" Indian as he moves among the crowd of English workpeople. And it is only the numbing power of habit that silences the question in ourselves. Cheap as English clothing is, second-hand it is cheaper still, and we suppose that out of that quarter-million people on the Heath last Monday hardly one per cent. was wearing clothes that no one had worn before him. Hence the sickening smell that not only pervades an English crowd but hangs for two or three days over an open space where the crowd has been. "I can imagine a man keeping a dirty shirt on," said Nietzsche, "but I cannot imagine him taking it off and putting it on again." He was speaking in parables, as a philosopher should; but if he had stood among an English working crowd, his philosophic imagination would have been terribly strained by literal fact.

Scrubby coat and trousers, dirty shirt, scarf, and cap, socks more like anklets for holes, and a pair of split boots; bedraggled hat, frowsy jacket, blouse, and skirt, squashy boots, and perhaps a patchy "pelerine" or scrappy "boa"—such is accepted as the natural costume for the heirs of all the ages. Prehistoric man, roaming through desert and forest in his own shaggy pelt, was infinitely better clad. So

is the aboriginal African with a scrap of leopard skin, or a single bead upon a cord. To judge by clothing, we may wonder to what purpose evolution ever started upon its long course of groaning and travelling up to now. And more than half-concealed by that shabby clothing, what shabby forms and heads we must divine! How stunted, puny, and ill-developed the bodies are! How narrow-shouldered the men, how flat-breasted the women! And the faces, how shapeless and anæmic! How deficient in forehead, nose, and jaw! Compare them with an Afghan's face; it is like comparing a chicken with an eagle. Writing in the "Standard" recently, a well-known clergyman assured us that "when a woman enters the political arena, the bloom is brushed from the peach, never to be restored." That may seem a hard saying to Primrose Dames and Liberal Women, but the thousands of peaches that entered the arena (as peaches will) on Hampstead Heath, had no bloom left to brush, and no political arena could brush it more.

Deficient in blood and bone, the products of stuffy air, mean food, and casual or half-hearted parentage, often tainted with hereditary or acquired disease, the faces were; but, worse than all, how insignificant and indistinguishable! It is well known that a Chinaman can hardly distinguish one Englishman from another, just as we can hardly distinguish the Chinese. But in an English working crowd, even an Englishman finds it difficult to distinguish face from face. Yet as a nation we have always been reckoned conspicuous for strong and even eccentric individuality. Our well-fed upper and middle classes — the public school, united services, and university classes — reach a high physical average. Perhaps, on the whole, they are still the best specimens of civilized physique. Within thirty years the Germans have

made an astonishing advance. They are purging off their beer, and working down their fat. But, as a rule, the well-fed and carefully trained class in England still excels in versatility, decision, and adventure. Unhappily, it is with few — only with a few millions of well-to-do people, a fraction of the whole English population — and with the country-bred people and considerable bodies of open-air workers, that we succeed. The great masses of the English nation are tending to become the insignificant, indistinguishable, unwholesome, and shabby crowd that grows visible at football matches and on Bank Holidays upon the Heath.

It is true that familiarly breeds respect. It may be almost impossible for the average educated man to know anything whatever about the working classes. The educated and the work-people move, as it were, in worlds of different dimensions, incomprehensible to each other. Very few men and women from our secondary schools and universities, for instance, can long enjoy solemnly tickling the faces of passing strangers with a bunch of feathers, or revolving on a wooden horse to a steam organ, or gazing at a woman advertised as "a Marvel of Flesh, Fat, and Beauty." The educated seldom appreciate such joys in themselves. If they like trying them, it is only "in the second intention." They enjoy out of patronage, or for literary sensation, rather than in grave reality. They are excluded from the mind to which such things genuinely appeal. But let not education mock, nor culture smile disdainfully at the short and simple pleasures of the poor. If by some miracle of revelation culture could once become familiar from the inside with one of those scrubby and rather abhorrent families, the insignificance would be transfigured, the faces would grow distinguishable, and all manner of admired and even lovable characteristics

would be found. How sober people are most days of the week; how widely charitable; how self-sacrificing in hopes of saving the pence for margarine or melted fat upon the children's bread. They are shabby, but they have paid for every scrap of old clothing with their toil; they are dirty, but they try to wash, and would be clean if they could afford the horrible expense of cleanliness; they are ignorant, but within twenty years how enormously their manners to each other have improved! And then consider their Christian thoughtlessness for the morrow, how superb and spiritual it is! How different from the things after which the Gentiles of the commercial classes seek! Last Monday, a mother and a daughter, hanging over the very abyss of penury, spent two shillings in

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having their fortunes told. Could the lilies of the field or Solomon in all his glory have shown a finer indifference to worldly cares?

Mankind, as we know, in the lump is bad, but that it is not worse remains the everlasting wonder. It is not the squalor of such a crowd that should astonish; it is the marvel that they are not more squalid. For, after all, what is the root cause of all this dirt and ignorance and shabbiness and disease? It is not drink, nor thriftlessness, nor immorality, as the philanthropists do vainly talk; still less is it crime. It is the "inequality" that Matthew Arnold said made a high civilization impossible. But such inequality is only another name for poverty, and from poverty we have yet to discover the way of redemption.

THE POETS AND THE CUCKOO.

The cuckoo of the poets is a totally different bird from the decadent songster which will not hatch its own eggs, but, like the Earls of Ruddigore, is under a hereditary doom to commit an outrage every spring. Poets are not concerned with the criminal cuckoo. To them it appeals chiefly as the herald of spring, whose "wandering voice" has something of melancholy and more of associated memories in its "double call." The North American Indians have a beautiful myth concerning a mystical bird that, coming in the summer evenings when the moon is full, sings in the pine-groves beside their wigwams ethereal songs of the spirit-land, bringing tidings of departed friends. Something of that complexion does the cuckoo wear for the poets—for certain of them, at any rate. It is the mystical bird that comes when the year is nearly at its full, greatest in beauty and brightest in bloom, to speak of the land that is very far off,

and of the loved and lost who dwell there. It vanishes with the bloom of the year; and its last note in departure gives expression, as it were, to what the fading of the spring flowers and the soberer green of the woodlands silently proclaim.

And yet the cuckoo has not always been a favorite with the poets. Spenser certainly delighted in the "merrie cuckow, messengere of spring." But Chaucer, the earliest of our great singers, extolled the nightingale at its expense, founding no doubt on a popular superstition crystallized in Milton's *Sonnet to the Nightingale*:—

Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love.

Lying awake one night, and remembering this popular saw about lovers, the poet rose and went into the woods to listen for a nightingale. He fell asleep

and dreamt that he heard sing "that sorry bird, the lewd cuckoo." He was chiding the bird, when, near by, a nightingale began to trill. In his trance the poet heard the bird's song spell words:—

And then heard I the nightingale say,
"Now, goodé cuckoo, go somewhere thy way,
And let thou us that singé dwellen here."

The cuckoo answered contemptuously, urging that his song was plainer and truer than the nightingale's; and, as for lovers, he had nothing but scorn for them. Thereupon the nightingale broke into weeping, and the poet unable to endure the wrangling, fetched a stone from the "neighbor brook that babbled by"—

And at the cuckoo heartily I cast,
And he for dread 'gan fly away full fast;

And glad was I when that he was y-gone.

And evermore the cuckoo as he fley
He saidé, "Farewell, farewell, popin-jay!"

As though he had y-scornéd, as thought me;

But aye I hunted him from tree to tree,

Till he was far all out of sight away.

Shakespeare agrees in a manner with Chaucer and Milton in regarding the cuckoo with moral disfavor. Milton's adjective for the bird is "shallow," as Dryden's is "foolish," and Carew's "witless"—all, we may assume, hinting at the lack of originality in the cuckoo's song. To the poet of *Paradise Lost* it is "the rude bird of hate," and he savagely classes its voice with the "barbarous noise" of "owls and asses, apes and dogs." This is unacceptable in a poet. One can better understand Shakespeare, who takes only the mean and vulgar view of the cuckoo as the bird that "on every tree mocks married men"; that "ungentle gull the cuckoo bird," which sponges on

other birds for a nest. It is Shakespeare who speaks of

The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,

And dares not answer Nay.

"Plain-song" has puzzled the annotators, many of whom regard it as a technical term—the "plain song" of the old traditional Church chant, as opposed to "prick song," that is, harmony written or pricked down. But perhaps Shakespeare meant no more than that the "song" of the cuckoo was "plain" as being easily reducible to musical notation. As a matter of fact, the cuckoo is one of the few birds the intervals of whose "voices" agree with those of our artificial musical scale.

It is curious to note how some of the poets have failed to appreciate this distinction. Browning speaks of

The word in a minor third,
There is none but the cuckoo knows.

But Browning was musical and technically "up" in the art. Certain of the other poets who were not musical, while they affected to delight in the doves' one syllable, or even in the "damnable iteration" of the barndoor fowl, found the "call" of the cuckoo simply monotonous. Thus Quarles complained of the bird as "ever telling of one tale"; Phillips deplored its "same dull note"; Coleridge wrote of the "unvarying cuckoo"; Eliza Cook, while blessing "the joyous comer," spoke disrespectfully of the cuckoo's "two old notes"; Allan Cunningham depreciated the bird's limited range as compared with the "unnumbered notes" of the linnet; and an anonymous versifier wrote:—

The cuckoo chants, as though he were proud
Of his quaint unchanging measure.

And if it was not monotony they complained of, then it was melancholy. Thus to Savage the familiar call was

but "the unison of woe"; to Tom Campbell it was a "plaintive roundelay"; to Wordsworth, a "melancholy cry"—and so on.

The first English poet to make kindly reference to the cuckoo was probably John Lyly, who, in one of his dainty lyrics, exclaims:—

Hark! how the jolly cuckoos sing
"Cuckoo!" to welcome in the Spring!

Akenside has an ode to the "rustic herald of the spring"; and Jemmy Thomson, the poet of *The Seasons*, celebrates the bird in the same character:—

I deduce

From the first note that the hollow cuckoo sings

The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme

Unknown of fame, the passion of the groves.

"Why art thou always welcome?" asks Montgomery. Casual tribute has been paid by many other singers, including Gray (to whom the cuckoo's note was "the untaught harmony of spring"), Dante Rossetti, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and Barry Cornwall.

All these sang of the vernal cuckoo, not heeding him of the summer, whose "note" is charged, as in Tennyson and Matthew Arnold, with "love's sad satiety." It is with the April cuckoo that the joy and the hope and the promise of summer lie; and it is the April cuckoo that has been celebrated by the two poets who, alone of British

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bards, have given the bird its full rights in song. The authorship of the famous *Ode to the Cuckoo*, as between Michael Bruce and John Logan, is still a matter of dispute; but, whoever wrote it, "Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!" has a clear claim to immortality. Old Isaac D'Israeli praised its "magical stanzas of picture, melody, and sentiment"; and Edmund Burke was so charmed with the poem that, in a rapture of enthusiasm, he set out on a pilgrimage to Edinburgh to seek the author. No doubt we have Wordsworth's two immortal lyrics devoted to the bird of the "wandering voice," the "darling of the spring," whose "two-fold shout" (shout is a most infelicitous term) brings "a tale of visionary hours," of days of light-hearted boyhood, when

Thou wert still a hope, a love
Still longed for, never seen.
And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.
O blessed bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial faery place,
That is fit home for thee!

But somehow one still prefers the lesser-known poet who wrote—

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song.
No winter in thy year.

J. Cuthbert Hadden.

WORD SUPERSTITION: A CORRECTIVE

Since Archbishop Trench gave us his popular "Study of Words" philology has, thanks mostly to Continental efforts, made great strides, and as a consequence the etymological guesses of the past have given place to the facts of an almost "exact" science.

In the book before me we have a

mass of the results of philological research presented in a way that should attract a large public to the study of language. Mr. Weekley seems to aim at (1) slaying some of the superstitions that have gathered round words (for these superstitions, although long dead among the philologists, persist still

among the laity), and (2) giving to the general reader such information with regard to the words he uses daily as will make the employment of language a thing of interest, of importance, and of joy. Moreover, he does this without tagging meanings with morals, as Trench did.

He divides his book¹ into thirteen chapters, each of which is a source of genuine entertainment; those on semantics and metaphor, however, have specially attracted me.

Few people have ever dreamed how great is the effect of the employment of language upon mankind. Now and then we are face to face with persons who suffer from color-blindness, and we recognize that the affairs of life—trade generally, travel and warfare particularly—could never be left to persons who suffer from this abnormality. Yet the whole of human life in communities seems to be conducted by persons who have no language sense, who have no understanding of the words they employ, or who are enslaved by meanings that have been attached falsely to words for generations.

Let me at once say that false meanings are of no importance so long as we know that we are employing them. If we choose to designate a rich pork-butcher an aristocrat because he owns a title, dissociating the word "aristocrat" from the Greek *ἀριστος* (best), we may do so; but let us not forget that by an "aristocracy" was once meant the rule of the best. "A jackass laden with money is a jackass still" is a useful comment upon our present conception of an aristocracy. I am surprised, by the way, that so useful a word for popular enlightenment is omitted by the author of this book.

Another example: it does not matter that we use the word "decimate" (originally to take out every tenth man) in

the sense of "almost destroy," as to "decimate" an army. But let us attach no *moral* importance to change of meaning. That is a grave danger; for words are often mere labels, and from the moment we begin to put wrong labels upon action we begin to change moral codes. "Good" and "evil" are so often interchangeable terms; what is, for example, labelled "good" in China may be labelled "evil" in America. I mention this because there is a moral atmosphere about these labels—an atmosphere actually created by the labels themselves. I know that this statement is open to cavil. Some people would argue that the label is a sort of concretion of an atmosphere, or that the atmosphere creates the label. An examination of the history of language should serve to dissipate this fallacy.

Herein, at any rate, lies the value of Mr. Weekley's book; it shows to minds that have not previously realized the fact that our notions and even our mental structure generally is of a very artificial nature.

"The Romance of Words" is throughout workmanlike, exceedingly informative, and interesting. I would like to see it in the hands of everybody engaged in the affairs of life.

Whilst commending the book, I should like to suggest the insertion, in any new edition, of one or two words whose history should be worth noticing.

The word "lady" was never quite understood until philologists began to deal with those portions of the Bible that are translated into Gothic by Bishop Ulfilas. They knew that "lady" was in reality two words "hlaf"-"deigh"; but as "Hlaf" is loaf and "deigh" is German "teig," English "dough," there seemed little sense in joining the two words loaf-dough. Here the Gothic Bible came to the rescue and discovered to us a verb "Deigen," to knead, so that "lady" is the loaf-kneader.

¹ The Romance of Words. By Ernest Weekley, John Murray, 3s, 6d, net.

I am writing at the moment in a place remote from books of reference, so that the Gothic verb may be out of spelling. But the general statement made is not one of the superstitions.

The superstition about the word "husband" is not yet slain. Recently I went into a church and heard a young curate discourse on marriage. "Think," he said solemnly, "of the beautiful idea underlying the word 'husband'—house-band, the band or bond of the house." I had difficulty in restraining myself from laughing aloud. The "band" of the word "husband" is merely a corruption of the Scandinavian "bonde," a peasant.

In speaking of the tendency of refined society to ban as improper the use of certain words which have a direct relationship to some act that relates to a common and vulgar material need,

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Mr. Weekley gives "pocket handkerchief" as an example. Dr. Johnson's "Muckinder" and the Artful Dodger's "wipe" become, for refinement's sake, this absurd thing: pocket hand cover-head! I should like to add that the same word has the same tendency in German, the very directly expressive "schnupftuch" having become "taschentuch."

The shoemaker's last should not be omitted. "Last" is by the root "lais" connected with "learn," and the relationship is interesting. Last is a footprint and is cognate with a verb "to follow footprints." To acquire knowledge, to learn, is to follow footprints! It is an interesting example of the links which language forms between the primeval man and the men of culture of to-day.

Charles Granville.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Winifred James's "More Letters to My Son" (Moffat, Yard & Co.) is a second instalment of letters supposed to be addressed to a son yet unborn. They are delicately imaginative, touched both with sentiment and humor, full of hope and longing and sunny expectation, a happy blend of dreams and practical plans and preparations. It is a pretty thought which prompts the book, and it is prettily executed.

"Fame Seekers" by Alice Woods is a story with a serious purpose. It tells of a typical young American girl who confounds mere good taste with talent, and longs to escape what she calls the narrow conventions of her well protected life, and enter one of the artist colonies in Paris. She soon discovers subtle differences between herself and the possessors of real talent and finds

that the ideal Bohemian life does not open merely to money and a desire to enter. There are many disillusionments, and when Louisa Garth realizes at last that her place is not among the artist folk, she determines to go back to America, feeling overwhelmed with failure. But at home in Connecticut, she finds her real sphere, that of a charming, contented home maker. The obvious lesson of the book is its warning against a woman's venturing too much unless she is sure of her talents. Seldom has artist life in Paris been depicted for a purpose like this. The narrative possesses great attractiveness. George H. Doran Co.

The famous detectives of fiction find their number increased by the blind Stephen Garth who unravels the mystery of "Midnight at Mears House," by

Harrison Jewell Holt. David and Jonathan Mears, two old men, enemies although brothers, and Jonathan a paralytic, inhabit a lonely dwelling called Mears House, somewhere on the Maine coast. Arthur Keaton, a nephew, and Margaret Ellis, ward of David Mears are also occupants of the same house. One night a friend of Arthur Keaton's comes to Mears House and finds David Mears lying murdered, with no one in the house save the paralytic upstairs. The ensuing search for the criminal discloses an unusually complicated state of affairs, and the skill with which the plot is carried forward places the book in the front rank of detective stories. There is, in addition, much interesting characterization, and an atmosphere of mystery and horror enhances the effect of the remarkable incident. Dodd, Mead & Co.

It is with deliberate intention that Dr. James W. Lee,—author of "The Making of a Man"—gives the title "The Religion of Science" rather than "The Science of Religion" to his latest exposition of Christian faith, for his claim is that Christianity authenticates itself as the absolute and universal, and, therefore, the religion of science, by its program of unity for all mankind and its verifiable method for bringing all human beings together in one body. He holds that scientific religious knowledge is secured on precisely the same lines which we follow to obtain verifiable knowledge of the material world; and that the final test of Christianity, as the religion of science, is the experience of those who, amid all the trials and temptations of life have tried it and objectified it in character. Believing that one of the demands of the age is a theological edifice built in accordance with the scientific method, he essays this constructive task in the present volume. Sifting the essen-

tials from the non-essentials, the practical from the theoretic, he states the experimental evidences of Christianity with force and clearness and with a freshness and occasional pungency of expression which makes a strong appeal to lay readers. Fleming H. Revell Co.

"Her Word of Honor" by Edith McVane, is an unusually delightful love story in which chivalric ideals appear to great advantage against a background of a life thoroughly modern and up-to-date. A beautiful young French girl of gentle breeding and noble traditions, is left almost penniless at her father's death, and is not welcomed among her relatives whose many unmarried daughters present a serious problem. Lili sails for America, in search of a friend of her father's youth, not realizing until nearly across the Atlantic how futile is the errand upon which she has come. Mrs. Cobb, an aspiring American multi-million heiress upon the liner, befriends Lili. She promises the girl protection if Lili will give her word of honor to marry Mrs. Cobb's son. Mrs. Cobb perceives social success close at hand, and Lili's titled, but impecunious relatives are thoroughly satisfied with the arrangement when Lili agrees. The girl soon discovers that she does not love Mrs. Cobb's son, who, in turn, does not love her; and to complicate matters, a man appears whom she really wishes to marry. This is the dilemma which the author skilfully unravels, without tarnishing the girl's word of honor. While not a great book, it possesses charm and readableness far above the average. Little, Brown & Company.

Mr. Percy Alden's "Democratic England" (The Macmillan Co.) is especially timely just now, when the needs and the claims of the common people are so much under discussion on both sides of

the Atlantic, and are being urged with so much vehemence, by the expert and philanthropist on the one hand, and by the demagogue and the vote-seeker on the other. Mr. Alden writes with enthusiasm and sympathy as might be expected in a man who has represented an East-end-of-London district in the House of Commons for half a dozen years; but he writes dispassionately and from a fulness and thoroughness of information which gives his views weight. Surveying first the general situation as regards political tendencies and industrial conditions, he passes in successive chapters to consider the relations of the child to the state,—including education, health, labor and crime; the problem of "sweating"; the problem of the unemployed; state insurance against sickness; the problem of old age; the problem of housing the poor; municipal ownership; the labor movement; and the land and the landless. Illuminating, earnest and well-grounded,—and withal, thoroughly up-to-date, the book helps the reader to a clearer understanding not only of recent legislation and attempted legislation in England but of the conditions which prompted it. Legislation of a remedial character has advanced of late so rapidly in England that, from some points of view, it seems menacing and revolutionary; but the reasons for it and the considerations which are held to justify it are very cogently presented by Mr. Alden. The book is at once a symptom and a record of the existing social unrest and the movement toward a more equitable distribution of the comforts of life.

A writer of verse who prefaces a slender volume of his poems with twenty pages of introduction, and appends thirty pages of "marginallia" in explanation cannot be accused of fail-

ing to take himself seriously. This is George Sylvester Viereck's method in "The Candle and the Flame" (Moffat, Yard & Co.). Moreover, Mr. Viereck has no doubt of the importance and the permanence of his work. He claims to have given "a new lyric impetus" to this country; and to be "perhaps the only American poet" whose book of lyric verse made money for himself and his publishers. He poses as "one of the leaders of the lyric insurgents who, inheriting the technique of Poe and the social conscience of Whitman, have added the new note of passion"; and of a previous volume of verse he says "the endorsement of Europe was written across its pages." And all this at the comparatively tender age of twenty-eight. To sustain these modest claims we have such lines as these, at the close of the title poem:

Nay, sweet, smile not to know at last
That thou and I, or knave, or fool,
Are but the involtient tool
Of some world-purpose vague and vast.
No bar to passion's fury set,
With monstrous poppies spice the
wine:

For only drunk are we divine,
And only mad shall we forget!

And this, from "Inhibition":

O guardian of the nether mind
Where atavistic terrors reel
In dark cerebral chambers, blind
Old nightmares with thy mystic seal.
But bar not from the sonant gate
Of being with thy fiery sword
The sweetest thing we wring from fate:
Love's one imperishable word!

With the melody of these lines still in one's ears, one turns to the closing declaration in the author's Introduction, that his artistic aim is "to extend the borderland of poetry into the realm of music on the one side, into that of the intellect on the other."